

Satan finds some mischief still for Anthony Eden to do

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I CHALLENGE and DEFY Mr. Baldwin to Contradict My Statement



A week ago I made public an historic fact which I have kept unrevealed for four years.

It was that as far back as 1932 a member of the Government told me that London was in peril from the air and asked me to make an offer to provide 40 aeroplanes.

This he said would cost £200,000.

I gladly made the offer, only to have it refused after a fortnight's delay, with contempt.

Since then I have entreated the Government to give London adequate air defences and have twice repeated my offer to provide financial aid.

The Government has done nothing.

Only now, in 1936, is the lethargy which has left 8,000,000 people and the supplies of the Nation in jeopardy being discussed.

A Government which knew four years ago that it had failed to protect the people and which has done nothing since has failed in its trust.

Mealy-Mouthed politicians may call that by some evasive name—but I call it **TREACHERY**.

If the Government, if the Prime Minister, disputes my statement that four years ago he and his colleagues were frightened of foreign attack from the air, why does he not say so?

If I am wrong, I can be proved so.

But I am not wrong, I am only too terribly right.

And the Prime Minister knows it.

He and Ramsay MacDonald between them have brought Britain into the greatest peril she has ever known.

Inert in the face of grave danger; silent when the people should have been told the truth; weak, shiftless and treacherous to their trust, the Government stands condemned in the eyes of every patriot.

I defy them to find any reason which will excuse their shameful neglect to do their duty by the people.

It is time the people they have betrayed woke up; in an earlier age such ministers would have been impeached.

Lucy Houston.

Reprinted from the "Daily Mail."

TWO VOICES

MR. EDEN'S statement on Monday on foreign policy will not relieve public anxiety. It does not diminish the risk of war—and that a war with a State which is armed to the teeth and until recent events was our steadfast friend and ally.

We are given to understand in so many words that the Government continues firmly attached to the League and to "collective security" as the policy "most likely to ensure the maintenance of peace."

This is amazing in view of the fact that Mr. Baldwin said at Glasgow on November 23, 1934:

"A collective peace system, in my view, is perfectly impracticable in view of the fact that to-day the United States is not yet, to our unbounded regret, a member of the League of Nations, and that in the last two or three years two great Powers, Germany and Japan, have both retired from it. It is hardly worth considering when these are the facts."

There we have a direct contradiction.

As for sanctions, Mr. Eden will have it that they are working well, "achieving the main objective of the League—the cessation of hostilities."

Has this dangerous Foreign Minister of ours forgotten another admission made by the Prime Minister, that "there is no such thing as a sanction that will work that does not mean war"?

The more effective the sanction, the greater the risk that it will cause an explosion. For, as Sir Samuel Hoare told the House of Commons two months ago, it was to the very efficiency of an oil embargo that the increased danger of war was due.

Mr. Eden, however, still hankers after the oil embargo. He professed on Monday that it is a sanction "like any other," and stated that it would be examined in that spirit by the Government.

Nor did he abstain entirely from the threatening talk which made his broadcast of October 11 so disquieting. He announced that this country would "**PLAY ITS FULL PART IN POLICY AND IN ARMS**" in the service of Geneva.

He is apparently ready to attempt to put an oil embargo in force if the Committee of Eighteen next Monday votes in favour of it, though a committee of experts has reported that it must be ineffective so long as the United States allows the free export of oil—which the American Government has every intention of doing.

5,500 War 'Planes

Meantime a reminder of the grave risks that attach to the programme of goading Italy and applying pressure to her is given by the message from our extremely well-informed special correspondent in Rome which we publish to-day.

Italy will have completed 1,500 new heavy bombers with a flying range of 2,000 miles by the close of the present year, bringing her total front-line force up to 5,500 machines.

That figure should make an immediate end of the sanctions policy. It should also lead to the recall of the British Fleet, which is being so recklessly hazarded in the Eastern Mediterranean.

The real lesson of the debate is that British foreign policy should be based not on the dictates of the League but upon the interests of the British Empire—a far greater and more important institution.

Whether to apply sanctions to Italy and whether to include in them an oil embargo should be no concern of ours.

It never could have become a concern of ours but for a Foreign Secretary who, like Lord John Russell, "has no conception of minding his own business."

The present mischievous policy of interfering with foreign Powers in matters where their vital interests are at stake is **due to a lack of the sense of proportion in our Ministers.**

The British Empire is too big to be involved in such petty squabbles as this about Abyssinia.

Spoils of Sanctions

**Cauliflowers are green
And lemons are sour,
But none are so green
And none so sour I ween
As a Popinjay in Power.**

Mr. Anthony Eden—Litvinoff's Mouthpiece—has made a speech worthy of his master's teaching.

A speech which means one thing and one thing only.

It is an appreciation of, and an invitation to—the sinister underhand influences which have mustered their unseen array to bring black terror and chaos to Spain—Who await our unguarded hours here.

THE revelations in *The Daily Mail* exposing the subterranean activities of Soviet agents in Spain have by no means left Parliament unmoved. M. Wallach, alias Finkelstein, alias Buchmann, alias Maximovitch, alias Litvinoff, played a big part in the application of sanctions at Geneva. Many a member now finds himself pondering, in the light of Spanish events, just what were the motives actuating the Russian representative at Geneva.

Did Russia, in fact, wish to play her due part in the system of "collective security," or did she insist with such violence on the application of sanctions with the purpose of throwing one capitalist Power against another ?

RISKS FOR PEACE

Risks for peace. The phrase is familiar to us all. What are these risks ? Risks of war. War leads to economic suffering, on which alone Bolshevism can thrive. Political memories may be short, but not every member has forgotten Lord Curzon's speech in the House of Lords in 1924, when he said :

I know M. Litvinoff. I was a member of the Government which had to turn him out of this country So desperate were his intrigues that we had to turn him out, and on subsequent occasions one of the things which made Mr. Lloyd George perfectly furious was the suggestion that this very man should be readmitted.

The long arm of Bolshevik intrigue, of bribery and of horror, burrows across Europe. A menace to law and order, a threat to peace, undermining the very fabric of civilisation.

[Patrick Donner in the Daily Mail.]

Mr. Eden is going to Geneva next Monday to receive further instructions from Litvinoff what mischief to do next.

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Moscow's Hand in Spain

Affairs in Spain go from bad to worse as behind the scenes the Bolshevik plotters manipulate their Spanish puppets. Señor Valladares' Government has disappeared, and an Administration under Señor Azaña is taking its place.

The new Premier is expected to offer only the feeblest resistance to the extremists.

Fugitives are arriving in Gibraltar, Lisbon and other places in dread of a reign of terror. They have reason for fear. The world has not yet forgotten the abominable excesses which disgraced the Socialist outbreak in Asturias in 1934, when a priest was burned alive, hundreds of persons were brutally murdered, and banks were plundered.

In Asturias, as in Catalonia—Spain's reddest province—Soviet funds were employed in promoting disorder and wrecking civilisation. A state of affairs was created in which, according to Count Romanones, Spain in three and a half years had as many people murdered as lost their lives in the whole Moroccan campaign.

Moscow never sleeps. It is always active in maleficence. As M. Henriot warned the French Chamber on Tuesday, it is busy in France to-day subventioning Communist plots against the Republic and supplying the Reds with large sums for their work of disintegration and ruin.

If, as Lenin prophesied, the Soviet triumphs in Spain, a heavy blow will be dealt to the Liberal illusion that a democratically organised State will always do the right thing. Since she lost her King, Spain has been steadily jogging down hill.

Daily Mail.

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Soviet Money for Spain

Striking revelations concerning the Moscow-subsidised plot to establish a Bolshevik régime in Spain by using the Republican and Left Wing Parties as tools and flooding the country with thousands of secret agents, who include many actresses, are made in a despatch printed below,

from Mr. G. Ward Price, the *Daily Mail* Special Correspondent in Madrid.

Criminals released with the 18,000 political prisoners amnestied are being glorified as heroes and martyrs.

Bolshevism has been trying a new weapon in Spain. That weapon is the "United Front." Its success has surprised even its inventors.

There is joy to-day in the sinister underworld of the Soviets. This new Bolshevik policy of the "United Front" has put Spain at the mercy of 3,000,000 Socialists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, and Communists, whose leaders and organisations are paid and subsidised from Moscow.

It is a reversal of the tactics hitherto followed by the Communist International in its ceaseless struggle to bring about the world-wide destruction of the capitalist system.

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Working With Socialists

Until last August Moderate Socialism—what is known on the Continent as Socialist-Democracy—was always denounced by the Soviet leaders as "the arch-enemy of the Proletarian Revolution."

But at the 7th World Congress of the Communist International, held in Moscow from July 25 to August 21 last year, a change of plan was announced.

Instead of opposing Socialism, the Red agents throughout the world have been instructed to work with it.

That the Reds never hoped to win the decisive victory which last Sunday's general election brought them is the emphatic opinion of all those in touch with them to whom I have talked in Madrid.

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Bolshevists' Aim

The new Socialist Premier, Señor Azaña, is at the mercy of his extreme Left supporters, headed by Señor Largo Caballero, formerly a house painter, who was recently serving a life sentence

of imprisonment for his leadership of the bloody revolt at Oviedo in October, 1934.

At the world congress of the "Comintern" last year a Spanish Communist delegate foretold what has now happened. He said:

"The Spanish Communist Party has charged me to declare that we are ready to work with Largo Caballero and his friends to create the United Front of the proletariat, to expel the bourgeoisie from power, and to establish a government of workers and peasants in Spain."

* *

Moscow's Ultimatum

The next revelation of the plot that has now so strikingly succeeded came from France.

The Socialist newspaper *Humanité* on December 2 last wrote: "We trust that the release of Largo Caballero will have as a consequence the formation of a united front, to which Largo Caballero has notified his adhesion."

The Spanish newspaper *Ya* reveals that on the day after the dissolution of the Spanish Parliament, which led to Sunday's election, a delegate of the "Comintern" left Moscow for Madrid.



Arriving there, he informed the Spanish Communist leaders that if they did not agree to co-operate with their previously detested rivals, the Spanish Republicans, the "Comintern" would stop their subsidies.

I have to-day been making inquiries in well-informed quarters of Madrid as to what the Moscow pay-roll here amounted to. The figure which I have ascertained is just over £40,000 a year.

It was a cheap enough price to pay for planting what is virtually a Kerensky régime—the half-way house to Bolshevism—at the opposite end of Europe.

* *

Subsidy Pay-roll

Here are the details of the Soviet subsidies:

[Monthly]

<i>Mundo Obrero</i> (the workers' mouthpiece)	£400
<i>Youth</i> , a Communist periodical	£100
<i>Europa-América</i> , a Barcelona journal	£700
<i>Información Internacional</i> , the principal organ of the Comintern at Barcelona	£300
Three other papers at Barcelona	£300
Five more in other parts of Spain	£700

So much for newspaper subsidies. The following are the known personal subventions;

11 members of the Communist Political Bureau, at £12 a month	£132
50 "Instructors," 1 in each political district of Spain, at £12 a month	£600
7 Members of the staff of the "International Red Aid," at £12 a month	£84
For general propaganda purposes	£300

For exceptional occasions like the recent elections very much larger sums were sent.

Backed by such financial support, the extreme Reds of Spain, who include Communists, Anarchists, and Syndicalists, have manœuvred themselves into a position where they hold the whip hand of the Government.

The police estimate of the strength of the Left parties is as follows:

Socialists	1,440,000
Anarchists and Syndicalists	1,577,000
Communists	133,000

Between these 3,000,000 odd partisans of the Left Party subscriptions of £4,000,000 a year are supposed to be raised.

* *

Actresses as Red Agents

Upon all these people the Bolshevik Government has been working steadily for years past, flooding Spain with secret agents—generally posing as foreign journalists or business men—and women, especially theatrical artists, have played a large rôle as Soviet emissaries.

In addition, from 8,000 to 10,000 Spaniards have been taken to Russia on free visits.

The effectiveness of this system is increased by the fact that in Spain, where so many of the poorer classes cannot read, the most potent propaganda is social contact.

But it was not the support of Moscow or their own effort that has put the friends of Bolshevism at the head of affairs in Spain. Inertia and differences of the parties of the Right gave them an easy victory.

If Señor Caballero was supplied with Soviet money it is equally certain that Señor Gil Robles, the Catholic leader, was subventioned by the Jesuits, and there is a large section of bourgeois opinion in Spain which objects to the interference of the Church in political affairs.

* *

Army's Position

Spain lacks, too, a middle class such as stabilises British politics, while the people with the most to lose, like the grandes and the rich, flee the country.

The Army has lost most of its best-born and wealthiest officers, with the result that the officers' corps as a whole is inclined to consider first its own means of livelihood and to put obedience to whatever Government is in power above its private political opinions.

The rank and file who serve only for a year reflect the views of the mass of the people from which they come,

For the moment the programme of the Red leaders, who dominate the new Government, is as follows:—

1.—Restoration to their posts of all employees expelled for Communist activities in the past, with substantial indemnity for lost wages.

The Madrid Municipality has already carried this out. It will greatly disorganise public services, railways, tramways and industrial concerns.

2.—The expulsion of all Monarchist employees.

3.—The expulsion of the Papal Nuncio from Spain.

4.—The renewal of diplomatic relations with Russia.

This was voted some years ago, but never put into force.

* *

On Soviet Model

5.—The installation of a Government representative in every bank to ensure that good proletarians get ample financial assistance.

6.—Reorganisation of Justice. (This is a good plan in so far as it means an augmentation of the inadequate pay of the judges).

7.—Provision of small holdings for workmen.

8.—Public relief works.

9.—The imposition of penalties on employers who pay salaries below a certain level.

The new Government plan is to grant provisional autonomy to Catalonian towns, and later on to Valencia, the Basque provinces, and Galicia.

These areas will then be combined with the rest of Spain to form what is to be called the Union of Socialist Spanish Republics, on the exact parallel of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, which is the official title for the Bolshevik States.

* *

France Next

So the Bolshevisation of Spain has begun. And the next country where the Bolsheviks will try their stealthy schemes is France.

At last year's Congress of the Comintern, the German Communist, Wilhelm Pieck, who delivered the opening address on the Soviet Union as the basis and mainstay of world revolution, said:

"The Communist Party of France is faced with the following task: To secure the united front of all workers against the attacks of Fascism and war, and to lead the masses from the struggle against Fascism into the struggle for the rule of the Soviets."

Such are the aims and achievements of the sinister power with which the French Government is about to conclude a military alliance which will bring Western Europe much closer to war with Germany.

Everyone here now expects that Señor Azaña, whose situation makes him rather a pitiful figure

of a Premier, will soon find that he has outlived his usefulness in the eyes of his extremist followers—especially when he has to use force to preserve public order.

The thousands of political prisoners who were in gaol for their part in the Communist uprising of October, 1934, in the provinces of Galicia and Asturias have already been freed by the mob, anticipating the manifesto decree which was signed to-day. This decree covers 18,000 prisoners.

The passing of the decree received the support of all parties in the appropriate committee of the new House, including Monarchists and Catholic deputies.

With these political prisoners the common law criminals have in many cases been liberated also. These people, who can hardly be regarded as elements of security and order, find themselves glorified as martyrs and heroes.

From all over Spain come reports of local manifestations in honour of the released rebels and their more criminal companions.

* *

Señor Prieto Reappears

General Franco, brother of the well-known Spanish aviator, has been appointed to a command in the Canary Islands, and General Goded, the commander of the Spanish Air Force, to the Balearic Islands.

It is stated that these nominations are intended only to prevent further rumours that they intended to carry out a military coup d'état.

As Chief of the General Staff General Ocaña has been brought to Madrid from Barcelona.

Quiet prevails throughout Spain to-night.

The 51 new prefects appointed by the new Government left the capital this evening with strict instructions to repress any outbreaks of violence in their districts.

The well-known Socialist leader, Señor Prieto, who some 18 months ago was expelled from Spain, reappeared in Madrid to-day. It appears that he has been living in secret sheltered by his friends.

When I left Irun, on the Spanish frontier, 10 miles east of San Sebastian, this morning for Madrid, the railway station was packed with members of the "proletariat" jeering at Conservative refugees who filled to the last square inch the standing room in a train waiting to cross the border into France.

Ridicule and ribaldry, rather than violence, accompany the escape of these "bourgeois" from the Red wrath to come.

"Who are they?" I asked a station official.

"Dukes, marquises, and millionaires," he replied with a satisfied smile.

G. WARD PRICE in the *Daily Mail*.

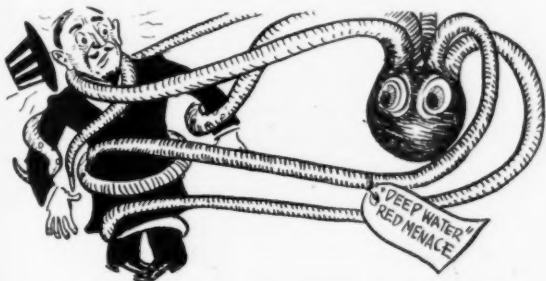
Reds' Grip Tightening on France

Never have the fates favoured Bolshevik intrigue in France as they do now. Not only will the ratification of the Franco-Soviet Pact act as an incitement to Germany, but it will further strengthen the influence of the Komintern in France, and smooth the way for its insidious propaganda.

The victory of the Popular Front at the Spanish polls and the licence allowed to the extremists by the Sarraut Government have emboldened the Popular Front in France, and its partisans are loudly proclaiming that it will sweep the country at the forthcoming general election.

The possible consequences of trouble with Germany arising out of the ratification of the Franco-Soviet pact are the constant concern of M. Flandin, the French Foreign Minister.

While the French experts who are closely watching the position are convinced that the time will come when Germany will move troops into the demilitarised zone on one pretext or another, it is believed at the moment that there are signs of hesitancy on Germany's part.



The likely coalition of France, Britain and Belgium in strong measures of coercion is presumably constraining Germany to great prudence, and in some responsible circles in Paris it is believed that the Reich will not make any attempt to move troops until the summer.

Britain Attacked

Le Matin, in a leading article which will appear in to-morrow's issue, makes a spirited attack on Britain's foreign policy, particularly sanctions.

"The policy of sanctions," it says, "is the most monstrous of the diplomatic mistakes made by Great Britain.

"If Britain's contribution to the work of conciliation had been more disinterested, the guarantees of security which all peoples are seeking to-day would be more tangible.

"While London reflects other people are acting. Austria and Hungary are making friends with Rome; Berlin and Rome are holding conversations, so are Rome and Warsaw.

"France and Britain are still exchanging sterile views on sanctions, assistance in the Mediterranean, and Locarno."

Grave Concern in Germany

Dr. Goebbels, referring to Germany's foreign policy in a speech at Magdeburg on Saturday, said that one does not tell one's adversary at chess what one's next move is going to be.

He doubtless knew that all the world would like to know what Germany's move will be on the chessboard of European politics in reply to the latest move in France, but he refused to reveal anything.

That France's hazardous game in allying herself to Russia is disliked in Germany, and, indeed, regarded with the gravest suspicion, there is ample evidence.

Day after day the German Press, following official instructions, has inveighed against the Franco-Soviet Pact, and has declared that it is not in harmony with the Treaty of Locarno.

Sunday Dispatch.

Making of a Russian Marshal

London has lately been visited by one of the Red "Marshals" of the U.S.S.R. The general public, whose notions about the mysterious land of the Soviets are hazy, was rather impressed by his title which presupposes high military achievements, but the truth falls wide of the mark.

Tukhachevsky was selected from the five newly-promoted marshals because being of gentle birth and upbringing he was the one who would know how to behave himself in European society.

He comes from a family of the small nobility and was educated in a military school. He joined an infantry guards' regiment (not the famous Preobrazhensky, as was stated in certain papers), and was taken prisoner by the Germans early in the war.

At that time he was an unswerving monarchist, but in 1917, when the revolution took place in Russia, he put himself at the disposal of the Germans, who stage-managed an "escape," so that he could work in Russia under the head of the Komintern, Zinoviev-Apfelbaum.

His Military Record

The German command even demanded Tukhachevsky's appointment to the Red Army Staff, where he played the part of agent-provocateur in regard to the former officers of the Imperial army.

As a soldier he gained a few successes against disorganised forces in the early days of the Polish campaign only to suffer a smashing defeat when the Poles met him on equal terms.

On one front, however, the Red Marshal's warfare was crowned with victory—the suppression by artillery-fire, aeroplanes, and arson of the risings of disarmed peasants in 1921.

Catholic Herald.

Red Navy Now

Sunday in Soviet Russia sees the formidable Red Army mobilised for the day, celebrating the eighteenth anniversary of its foundation.

Trotsky hammered it together first. Thirteen ragged revolutionary armies under the fire of the victorious Allies of the great war. Trotsky is thrown out now, but the Red soldiers have become one of the greatest forces in the world, 1,250,000 strong.

Russia has an immense air force also, and a Red Navy building. Says *Pravda*, official Soviet journal, "Our naval forces are at the height of their reconstruction. Seas and oceans wash two-thirds of our Soviet borders, stretching tens of thousands of miles. Every mile we will make invulnerable." That plan will make even Britain's £300,000,000 bill look cheap.

Daily Express.

Natural Anxieties

Recent debate in the House of Lords reflects a good deal of natural anxiety as to the disposition of our Fleet and the conduct of our foreign policy. This country has been steadily disarming for fifteen years on the representation that we are a peaceful people following a peaceful policy and that the League of Nations has greatly reduced the risks of war. Then one fine morning the nation hears that, the League being embroiled with Italy, a great part of what remains of the British Fleet has been sent to the Mediterranean. Lord Stanhope assured the House of Lords on Tuesday that it was a matter between the League and Italy "and no more between this country and Italy than between Italy and any other member of the League." But the fact remains that of the fifty nations represented Great Britain, and Great Britain alone, has taken these active measures. The Fleet, moreover, does not stop at Gibraltar or Malta but fetches up in the Eastern Mediterranean, and Lord Stanhope explains that "to leave our Fleet at Malta . . . would have been extraordinarily unwise." It may be so; but is the Fleet altogether safe in Haifa or Alexandria? Lord Stanley assured the House of Commons yesterday that the British ships in these harbours were "adequately equipped to defend themselves against attack from the air." But that opinion is opinion only.

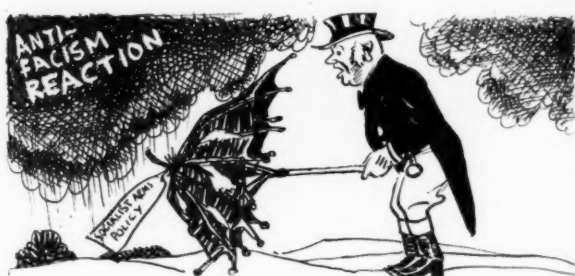
Criminal Folly

First to disarm and then to rush into a posture of war, these two things we cannot reconcile to our sense of what is wise and prudent. When a lobster casts its shell it sidles under a rock and waits there as unobtrusively as possible until it grows a new armament. So it should surely be with a nation which disarms: it should withdraw itself from every cause of quarrel and might even

be expected to submit to insults and injuries with a Christian meekness. But here is the opposite course, where England alone of all the fifty nations concerned rushes as close as it can get to the point of conflict and of danger. The Under Secretary of State may assert that the quarrel is no more between this country and Italy than between Italy and any other member of the League; but it is notorious, as Lord Phillimore pointed out, that we have been scrounging round the Mediterranean for allies in this quarrel and have even promised Yugoslavia to buy more of her pigs in return for her support. We have, indeed, so far taken the lead as greatly to embarrass France, who has no desire to engage in any conflict with Italy, whatever her politicians may say.

Bellicose Cecil

Lord Cecil, we notice, is all for forcing the issue because he thinks that what he calls the "collective system" is at stake. He thinks that the British Fleet ought to have cut the communications between Italy and Africa, and that the British Government should proceed with the policy of what are called "oil sanctions" even without the support of the United States. It is, by the way, reported in this connection that Mr. Eden will shortly go to Geneva to help the League to come to some sort of a decision in regard to this oil embargo, and although we hope we are not deficient in courage we always tremble a little when



Mr. Eden goes to Geneva. It was, however, reassuring to hear from Lord Stanhope yesterday that, while the Government were prepared to play their part in collective action, "they were not prepared now or in the future to take action under the League in a matter which while nominally collective was in fact nothing of the sort." But that promise should apply to the British Fleet which is at present acting in a manner so far from collective as to be "nothing of the sort." Lord Cecil permits himself to draw attention to the sufficiently notorious fact that "Germany has enormously increased her armaments"; but this circumstance does not seem to suggest to him the wisdom of taking care of our own remaining resources in the way of defence. He is, on the contrary, prepared to risk them in the cause of the "collective system." We, on the other hand,

think that the Fleet should be carefully cherished against the time when it may be required for the safety of the country. Our statesmen have no right to use it for anything else.

Morning Post.

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Our Screaming Sanctionists

This evening Mr. Eden is to make a statement on foreign policy in the House of Commons which gives the Government an opportunity of getting back from League of Nations hysteria to common sense.

Unhappily Ministers are afraid to tell the truth—that "collective security" is perfectly impracticable. They are intimidated by our screaming sanctionists who are demanding punitive measures against Italy while shrieking for disarmament in Great Britain. It is a mad policy, but it is made more plausible by suggestions that to promote peace on the only terms possible would be "rewarding the aggressor."

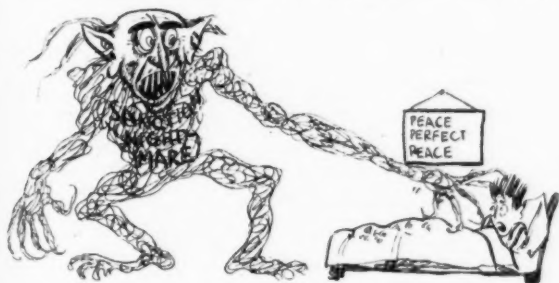
Such stupid talk comes with a very bad grace from this country, which has throughout history enriched its Empire by methods which wicked Continental critics have not hesitated to stigmatise as aggressive—for example the occupation of Egypt and the conquest of the Boer republics.

Even in regard to Abyssinia, has there been complete disinterestedness on our part? The secret British report which the *Giornale d'Italia* obtained through some leakage and published last week, contained among much other matter the suggestion that "the opportunity [of the conquest of Abyssinia by Italy] should be seized, if possible, to rectify the boundaries of British Somaliland, Kenya, and the Sudan."

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Anxiety in Europe

Anxiety in Europe has been increased by the knowledge that Mr. Eden is going to Geneva next week. Does he intend to repeat his broadcast of October 11 which caused general alarm by



threatening "swift and effective action" against Italy? What further enmity does he propose to stir up in that city of international mischief-making? What fresh cause is he preparing to sponsor, so as to create new adversaries for the Empire?

We have antagonised Italy without good reason and quarrelled with her recklessly, risking a war for which—through the efforts of the pacifists—we are materially quite unprepared. Already some £8,000,000 has had to be expended in precautionary measures which have left half our Fleet in a position of extreme peril, and we have sacrificed trade of an annual value of many more millions.

The net result has not been peace, but the tremendous menace of a new world war which grows week by week, thanks to the sanctionists' furious demands for violent measures against Italy.

Daily Mail.

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The End of Sanctions

Defence and diplomacy are inseparable and indissoluble. There can be no salvation in the former without wisdom in the other. From to-morrow, and through momentous months, the fundamental issues of foreign policy, like those of Defence, will have to be sifted to the bottom by an awakened and determined House of Commons. There can no longer be the faintest hope for the preservation of world-peace through Geneva without the reconstitution of a fuller League, not only more powerful in its interpositions, but more flexible and constructive in its whole working. Yet during the candid discussion on this subject in the House of Lords last week, the Ministerial spokesman had to confess that the Government, though giving its most serious mind to the matter, could not see its way to any action for the reform of the League. The plea is that any attempt to touch the inadequate Ark in present circumstances might do more harm than good.

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League and Peace

Why? Because of the calamitous and still worsening complications brought about by the hopeless attempt to overstrain a diminished institution. For major purposes it is but half a League. Nay, hardly so much; since four Great Powers out of seven—not to speak of Brazil—are out of its operations.

What, then? First things first. There will be no health in our affairs with respect either to Defence or Diplomacy, or for any saving purpose of Peace, until one drastic truth is faced, stomachied, and digested by Parliament and the nation. There can be no possible improvement in the European or Far Eastern conditions, there can be nothing but more sinister aggravation of both, until we are extricated from the present Sanctionist policy with all its dire muddle and peril—with all its futility for its own aims, and its incalculable mischief for the greater purposes.

J. L. GARVIN in the *Observer*.

A Villainous Dictatorship

By Kim

IF Dictatorships are regarded as an evil (although dictators have rehabilitated nations which were sunk in the depths of despair and have made them strong and powerful), we have one form of Dictatorship in the world to-day, though it calls itself by another name, a Dictatorship masquerading as democracy. It is none the less a Dictatorship that is manufactured by dishonest devices. It is the Dictatorship Mr. Baldwin under the label of "National" has manipulated and corrupted the electoral machine and rules by fooling and humbugging the public, and contrives to hold power against the convictions of a big majority.

The so-called "National" Government was conceived in 1931 as a means ostensibly to throw aside party disputes and rule for the benefit of the nation, its task being first and foremost to restore public confidence caused by the wild and Bolshevik attempts of the Socialist Government of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had been the head. It relieved the situation by severe fines and taxation on the suffering community, by piling on the income tax, putting cuts on salaries, and going off the gold standard, a measure with much to commend it in times of peace, but disastrous if the nation found itself embarked in a dangerous war, since our money is not supported by gold and would be worthless once the nation's credit was shaken.

THE PATH OF BOLSHEVISM

From the evil day when Mr. Baldwin was tempted to become the accomplice of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, putting him at the head of the Government as Prime Minister, and allowing him to play ducks and drakes with our national resources, the whole conception of "National" was belied. It was in no sense national, for its tendencies have been ever since, in all crucial issues, treading the path of Bolshevism. If that is not a tyranny, a despotism *de facto*, a Dictatorship in effect, nothing is.

We only need to mention a few matters to prove the point. The nation wanted Protection and still demands it. What has it got? Mr. Runciman's Black Pacts, because he professes to be a Free Trader, Milk Boards, Bacon Boards and other shams instead of a straight tariff. The nation did not want the League of Nations, but they were jockeyed into full adhesion by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. They did not want to sacrifice India to the extremists, but it was done in the face of public protest. They never wanted to make overtures to Russia, whose hidden intrigues and animosity have been proved a million times over, but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald saw to it, and to-day our foreign diplomacy is being wrapped up with the Franco-Russian treaty which is certain to involve us in war. And certainly they never wanted to see us disarmed by sea, by land, and by air, as Mr.

Ramsay MacDonald continued to do by hook and by crook.

His whole career from the time he became Prime Minister was to knock down the powerful structure of national defences with various pretexts which fools and knaves accepted as genuine coin. He has been allowed to destroy the bulwarks of Britain's defences.

It is not as though Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were one of those wild enthusiasts who mean well but whose hearts rule their heads. Nor is he a lover of the proletariat, as he showed at the General Election when he abused the very class he had pretended to champion because they saw through him. He is a cold-blooded, systematic and deliberate wrecker of British liberties, and British greatness, and has not changed one whit since 1917 when he called on the masses to follow Russia and do for Britain what the Russian Revolution had done, what now to-day in 1936 Russia has done for Spain, by trickery, intrigues and bloodshed, and what Stalin and his murder gang are endeavouring to do in our country to-day.

CRIPPS AGAIN

Last Sunday Sir Stafford Cripps told a Battersea audience of youth that he hoped the next war will end in a world revolution. Those words mean that he would like to see the masses rise and pillage by sheer brutality all those who have any possessions. It would signify the end of the English nation.

But Sir Stafford Cripps is only in the same class as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who has never repudiated the self-same sentiments. The only difference between the two men is that the one has no responsibility and the other sits behind Mr. Baldwin and dictates to the Dictator.

This is no exaggeration. From 1931 onwards, Mr. Baldwin has shown utter subservience to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. The huge Conservative majority has been bent and twisted for the latter to use as he wishes. This unholy alliance still exists, as witness the dishonourable back-stair tricks and subterfuges whereby Mr. Baldwin managed to get the outcast of Seaham Harbour accepted by the Scottish Universities, to their eternal disgrace.

Now rumour is rife that Mr. Baldwin will attempt to place this dangerous revolutionary in the position to "co-ordinate" the three fighting services. If Mr. Baldwin is so oblivious to the real feelings of the nation as to nominate Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in any situation where he can have the slightest power to interfere in the re-armament scheme, it will shatter the last shred of confidence in the Government. At this hour, though Mr. Baldwin holds office, he has lost his prestige, and Sir Austen Chamberlain's trouncing the other day did nothing to restore it.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald stands to-day convicted of having deliberately neglected our national defences, for we are unable not merely to wage war, but to defend ourselves with only slight prospects of escape from appalling disaster for a very long time ahead. Mr. Baldwin stands convicted in supporting and continuing the MacDonaldite policy, although he has called attention to our dangers himself for over two years.

Let there be no mistake as to the steady and unremitting line of ruin Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's (and Mr. Baldwin's too) policy is leading us to. The growth of Communistic feeling has been encouraged whilst those who are patriotic—like Lady Houston—are threatened and bullied.

Anti-recruiting propaganda shows the great falling off in the Services, and we are producing to-day millions of youths without discipline, without respect for age or weakness, imbued with Pacifism and Socialism, and possessed of war-funk

hysteria, the triumph of the Socialism and revolution so assiduously preached by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his erstwhile colleagues.

If war comes, apart from air raids, the most colossal tragedy in the history of the world will be when nearly 50 millions of people, incapable of feeding themselves, because the Government frowned on home production, confined in a small area from which they cannot escape, are starved into abject surrender. Then, of course, the aftermath will be that bloody Revolution, on the Russian plan, which Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have preached.

In the sixth Cent. B.C., Darius the Great, speaking of democracies, which he said led to ruin, remarked that the leaders formed close friendships and not enmities "because" he said "they must hold well together to carry on their villainies." Those words are as true to-day. They carry on their villainies, but why should we, in this enlightened age, be such half-wits as to stand for it?

Bolshevism—Pur et Simple

By Meriel Buchanan

THE King made his first public appearance since his accession at the British Industries Fair, and the questions which he asked at the various stalls show the keen interest he takes in the welfare and prosperity of the Empire. The King's questions can be summed up under three headings. "Are we capturing foreign trade?" "Are we entering the foreign markets?" "Are we selling something now which was formerly the monopoly of another country?"

If the sober, unqualified truth was told the King, the answer to all these three questions would have been in the negative, and the reason is not far to seek.

For years past the integral greatness of England has stood like a bulwark in Stalin's path, impeding the realisation of his dream of world conquest and world revolution, for Stalin knows only too well that the eventual victory of the proletariat can only be achieved if England is ruined.

Stalin has not shown his hand openly; he has not dared to reveal his intentions or aspirations. He has employed secret agents, working underground, not because our supine Government would take any decisive action, but because the ingrained commonsense of the British people, their patriotism, and loyalty to the Crown would rise up in arms if they suspected that an attempt was being made to upset the Constitution. With well concealed circumvention and consummate cunning the Third Communist International has spread its loathsome criminal propaganda, its trail of poison, not only in the great industrial cities, in the mining districts and shipping centres, but in the peaceful country side, among the farm labourers, the quiet villages, the agricultural workers of all kinds.

So skilfully framed is this propaganda, so stealthily is it circulated, that many do not

recognise the hand of Russia controlling it, are conscious only of a vague disturbance and discontent. It steals like a cloud of deadly gas into the homes of British men and women, blinding their eyes, destroying their reason and commonsense, lying like a virulent canker in their hearts and minds.

It was entirely due to this propaganda that the miners struck in 1926, when they were getting good wages, and it may be remembered that it was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald who sang the Red Flag to encourage them and help them on. And yet, though we all know how this ex-traitor conspired against the country, he became our Prime Minister, and is now Mr. Baldwin's other self. The continuous stream of Communist teaching filtering through the country has caused farm labourers to strike at a moment when the farmers are bankrupt, and has thus crippled agriculture. The deadly influence of Russia again has prevented the Government helping our shipping in an adequate manner at a moment when some help might have saved that industry and brought it some of its old prosperity and greatness.

When Mr. Eden went to Moscow last spring, the Soviet Ministers realised that in this fashionable young man, with his feminine looks, they had yet another tool with which to carry out their fell designs of ruining England. With cunning flattery and ambiguous promises they beguiled his stupidly conceited mind and deluded him, throwing dust in his eyes, entangling him hopelessly in their net of lies. The result of that visit, and of Mr. Eden's continued intercourse with Litvinoff at Geneva, has been disastrous! Russia apparently dictates her wishes to our Foreign Secretary, and he in turn influences Mr. Baldwin, to concede to these wishes, drawing the net ever closer and

closer around the British Empire, and choosing this moment of all other of seeking a further rapprochement with the Soviet. Russia's supreme influence over our Government is indeed established only too clearly by the policy which has been pursued during the last year. The result is that we have alienated our friends abroad, while at home progress has been held up, and our shipping, our mines, and our agriculture, the three most vital industries in England, are now almost bankrupt, while all the time Bolshevik propaganda continues unchecked to foment discontent, unrest, strikes and agitation all over England.

Have the Government no eyes to see what is going on in the rest of the world? Are they so blinded by their self-centred superiority? So crushed under the weight of Mr. Baldwin's stubborn impertubality, and Mr. Eden's egoism, that they can no longer reason, cannot realise that all the troubles which are so profoundly disturbing Europe are caused by Russia?

Surely the result of the election in Spain should open their eyes to the danger of allowing Soviet propaganda to run rife here? They may have forgotten (for they have a genius for not remembering what they want to forget) the atrocities which marked the Socialist outbreaks in the Asturias in 1934, but can they continue to ignore the fact that Soviet funds have once more been employed to achieve the violent swing over to the left which has marked the recent elections? "Moscow never sleeps. It is always active in maleficence," the *Daily Mail* said on February 20th, and how true those words are we are daily learning to our bitter cost.

The headquarters of the Third Communist International in Moscow have expressed great satis-

faction with the new moves in Spain, the Soviet Press makes no secret of its elation, or of the fact that the Communist victory is the result of the work of the Comintern. Does the Government still blind itself to the fact that the Comintern and the Soviet Government work hand in hand? Has not the *Saturday Review* repeated its warning to that effect over and over again?

It has been proved beyond a doubt that the riots which took place last year in Toulon and Brest were directly caused by Communist agitators in the pay of the Third Communist International, and the recent uproar in the French Chamber proves the violent feelings which are running rife in France to-day. On February 20th, Monsieur Doriot, an ex-Communist Deputy, attacked the Soviet régime, "Soviet Russia and the Third International are two parallel forces with the same driving power and the same objective, World Revolution," he declared, while the day before Monsieur Henriot, the Conservative Deputy was shouted down and insulted by the Communists and Socialists because he dared to reveal the extent of Soviet propaganda in France. How virulent this propaganda is was shown by Marcel Cachin's speech at the Seventh World Congress of the Comintern in Moscow last summer, when he underlined the fact that Paris is surrounded by a red ring of Proletarian unrest. Russia indeed is trying to bring about a revolution in France because the sane and sensible Ministers refuse to sign the Pact with the Soviet, seeing only too clearly that by this pact France would be drawn into a war on behalf of Russia and have to bear the brunt of the fighting.

And yet Mr. Baldwin, questioned in the House of Commons as to whether Britain was going to increase her trade with Russia, answered in the affirmative.

Our Army is Unprepared

By Major G. H. Reade

TEN years of gross neglect of the Army, seven years of perpetual bleating about disarmament while the rest of the world went steadily ahead rearming, both openly and secretly, and now, faced by a world armed and angry, the men responsible for England's weakness on sea, land and in the air are running helter-skelter for cover, seeking to hide their former misdeeds by an effort to make good our many and manifest military deficiencies.

The Committee of Imperial Defence, after thousands of meetings of committees and sub-committees during the past six years, under the guidance of the Prime Ministers, MacDonald and then Baldwin, achieved nothing. Now they have a big scheme. The country will soon learn of it and be able to judge its genuineness or otherwise.

But already there is a feeling it is not genuine, since it has been officially stated that the scheme will be carried out over a period of years, when speed is the first essential.

Two straws in the preliminary plan of the scheme show which way the wind blows, and how feeble has been the effort to produce a ring-true programme.

Recently the War Office decided upon a light automatic machine gun to replace the out-of-date Lewis gun. With a flourish of trumpets it announced the adoption of a Czecho-Slovakian gun, known as the Bren. In order to have a sufficient number at home—the Army is still awaiting them—special arrangements have had to be made at extra expense for its manufacture in this country.

At the same time the War Office agreed to the Army in India, both British and Indian, using the light automatic, the Vickers-Berthier, a British gun of British manufacture.

So instead of the Army having one type of light automatic, it has two, when one of the first principles of defence throughout the Empire, let

alone at home and in India, should be uniformity of weapons, ammunition and all equipment.

Quite recently the two London Territorial Army Divisions were merged into one, and eight infantry battalions of the old divisions were converted into anti-aircraft units as the basis of the ground scheme of adequately defending London.

This has been an egregious failure. These battalions have been notorious as being the weakest in the Territorial Army, whether in the North, South, East or West of Great Britain. In fact, because it seemed impossible to recruit a sufficient number of men to serve in them, it was hoped that a conversion to anti-aircraft duties might be more successful in attracting recruits.

What has happened is that more than half of the already attenuated battalions have left during the past six months and the eight battalions now average barely 150 strong each. They should be 550 strong, and in consequence, they have not nearly sufficient men to man the batteries to which they have been assigned.

So to-day London is practically defenceless from the ground against air-attack.

The once well-planned and admirably placed ground defences of London organised with the aid of great skill and experience in 1918, no longer exist. Gun positions have been built over or allowed to become broken and dilapidated, moss grown and neglected. London's former great ring of defences exists only on paper. Even if these eight battalions were at full strength and the defences in position, many more men would be required to complete any practical scheme for defence.

Despite all the earnest representations of those who know what is needed, made to responsible Ministers, only an insignificant start has been made and that start is a failure. Money is of little use unless the necessary number of men is first found.

Unless the Government can produce the men to man the guns, shore defences, ground defences, aeroplanes, tanks and ships, their Defence Scheme, cost what it may, is doomed to failure.

Reprinted from the "Evening News"

Mr. Eden Collectivises

MR. EDEN did not, after all, tell the House last night whether or no he intends to go to Geneva to press for Oil Sanctions.

That was very disappointing to the Sanctionists. "The initiative has faded away," wails the *Daily Herald*. "There is no present intention of resuming it."

We sincerely hope so. Mr. Eden did not, unfortunately, say so. He contented himself with saying that oil sanctions are, like the sanctions already imposed, to be judged by their efficacy. He denied that they are "symbolical," i.e., a test of whether the League really means business or not.

Italy does not agree with Mr. Eden on this. Italy says that oil sanctions are military sanctions, i.e., acts of war. Mr. Baldwin once thought so, for he said that "there is no such thing as a sanction that will work that does not mean war."

What does Mr. Eden think? He told the House last night that an early war was practically certain unless this country hastily and heavily re-armed. Rearmed for what? To protect Britain? No, to enforce collective security.

What is that but an admission that sanctions—real sanctions—do mean war and that Britain, the arch-sanctioneer, must be ready and able to fight?

The Government and Mr. Eden must know that oil sanctions cannot be effective without the United States, which has now debarred itself by legislative action from withholding oil from Italy. Then why not say so? Is it because Mr. Eden takes a pedagogical delight in keeping Italy and everybody else in suspense? What childishness!

Mr. Eden told the House that the sanctions already imposed "must ultimately have an import-

ant influence in achieving the cessation of hostilities" between Italy and Abyssinia. But if he really thinks that, why is he so eager to add to these effective economic sanctions the dangerous military sanction of an oil embargo, which Mr. Baldwin says means war, and which Signor Mussolini threatens to treat as an act of war?

The answer, we fear, is obvious. If oil sanctions were a sword thrust at Italy Mr. Eden would hesitate to draw it. They are, without American co-operation, only a pin prick, and Mr. Eden is the very devil with a pin. A contemporary says that oil sanctions have only a nuisance value. That is the only value the League has to-day; nor will Mr. Eden, while he remains the League's champion, have any other.

But let us allow him credit for giving the nation fair warning that it must arm to the teeth as the champion of collective security. Mr. Amery acutely observed last night that at present collective security means merely the security provided by the conjoint might of Britain, France, and Russia. We should be glad to keep the world's peace in any company; but Mr. Eden told the House that this country will be no part to any policy of "encirclement." What does that mean except that Britain, rightly or wrongly, has no mind to play League cannonball with Germany out of the game and only France and Russia in?

Mr. Eden swears Britain's allegiance to the League and, in the same breath, denounces the peace technique of the only two other members of the League in good standing whose armed strength is worth a hill of beans. Is it any wonder that intelligent people at home and abroad are saying that British foreign policy is as clear as mud?

Sabotage in the Royal Dockyards

By Periscope

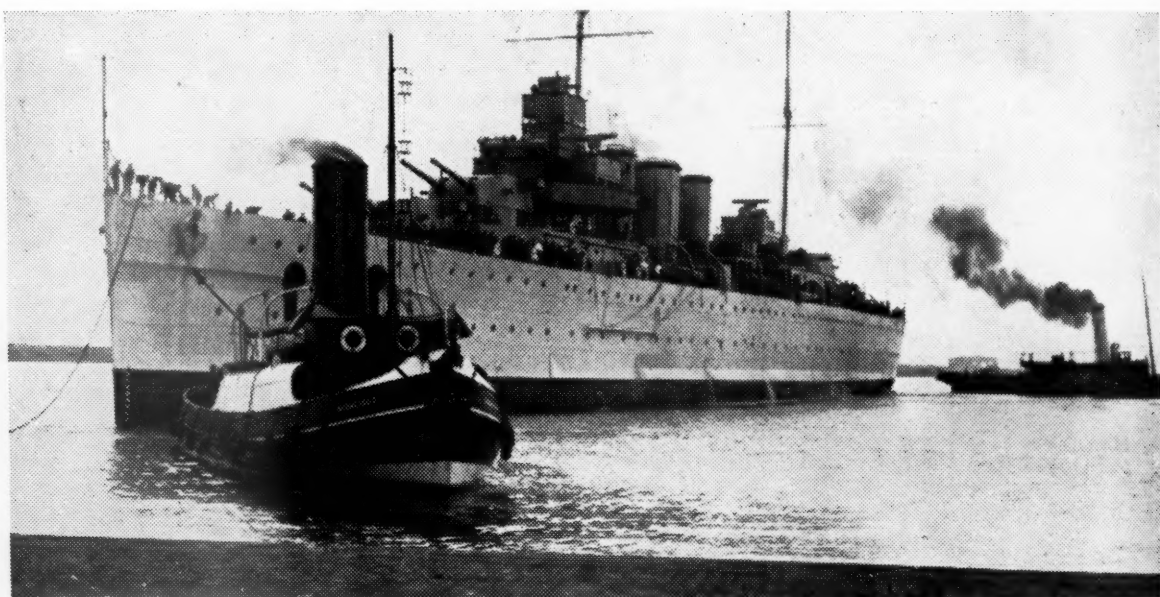
IN the last three months there have been official admissions of three cases of sabotage on board His Majesty's ships while refitting in the Royal Dockyards. In each case it has been stated that "the matter is being investigated," but nothing further has been heard of the matter.

On Tuesday, another case of suspected sabotage in Chatham Dockyard was reported which is also "being investigated." A fault had been discovered in the mine-releasing gear of the destroyer H.M.S. *Velox*.

It would seem safe to assume that these investigations have in the first three cases proved abortive, for had they led to the

a member of the crew of the ship concerned, or other naval rating. This is easy, for ships undergoing extensive refits usually have skeleton crews or none at all. Moreover, the British sailor has more sense than to cause damage which may, in the last resort, cost the lives of himself and his comrades.

The investigators then try to find out whether any unauthorised person or persons have entered the dockyard. Supposing the police at the dockyard gates are capable of performing their duty and carrying out the regulations, such a contingency is most unlikely. Moreover, if an unauthorised person did enter a dockyard he would



H.M.S. "Cumberland" being towed by tugs into dock.

apprehension of the evil-doer, the matter would surely have been made public as a deterrent to others. It is more than probable that, had the man responsible for the damage to the commutator of H.M. Submarine *Oberon*, or the man who hammered a sail needle into the multi-colored fire control cable of the battleship *Royal Oak* and carefully concealed his work by covering the damage with the lead casing of the cable, been caught and punished with due publicity, the case of sabotage in the cruiser *Cumberland* would never have taken place.

It appears that the investigations into such cases take three steps. First they eliminate the least likely possibility—that the act was performed by

have great difficulty in getting on board a ship and reaching the scene of his planned activities without arousing suspicion. But the futility of this line of inquiry is perhaps best demonstrated by the fact that each one of the three cases of sabotage under review must, by their very nature, have been carried out by some person intimate, not only with the functions of the parts tampered with, but with the constructional arrangement of the ships concerned.

It is worthy of note that each one of these three cases have been concerned with electrical equipment. To tamper with electrical equipment one must be intimate with the equipment itself and, in order to avoid accident to one's person while at

work, know exactly what portions of the installation are "alive" and what are "dead" at the time of performing the act of sabotage. Intimacy with the installations and with the spare parts available is shown in each case, for in each case it is clear that the part to be damaged has been carefully selected because it will be costly to repair and because its repair will take a considerable time.

It is obvious, therefore, that these cases of malicious damage are the work of dockyard workmen. That being so, isolated investigations into specific cases of sabotage are futile. What is wanted is a comprehensive inquiry into the whole system of the Royal Dockyards. Such an inquiry could hardly fail to lay bare the basic facts of which these cases of sabotage are only the outward manifestation.

What are these basic facts?

Everyone with intimate but disinterested knowledge of the Royal Dockyards will admit that the system of work and supervision makes for gross inefficiency, and that the dockyards are hotbeds of Communism and every faction bent upon the overthrow of the existing order. The system of costing, of refusing to make good more than a certain percentage of the defects reported by ship's officers, invites corruption upon a scale which would never be tolerated elsewhere.

The iron eats deep into the souls of naval officers when they have to be in charge of a ship when refitting. They are in charge of the ship, but they have no jurisdiction whatever over the conduct of dockyard workmen on board that ship. The naval officer is always anxious to get his ship away to sea, away from the dirt and corruption of the dockyard. But he soon learns that time is no object in a dockyard. Material does not interest the workmen of the dockyard. Wages, not workmanship, is the objective. It is for this reason that the least possible work is done and the longest possible time is occupied in doing it. Wages are paid upon a time basis—not upon piece work.

WASTED MONEY

It is no uncommon thing for a naval officer, going sadly about the filthy skeleton to which his ship has been reduced by the dockyard, to come upon groups of men smoking and gossiping and even playing cards in some out-of-the-way compartment. Naturally, by the time the foreman has been found and led to the scene every man is busily engaged upon his appointed task; but the nation has paid them for a period of idleness.

Large sums are expended each year in the dockyards owing to lack of co-operation between the various departments and to the rank carelessness of workmen. Cases have occurred in which a portion of a ship newly painted by one department has been ripped to pieces by another department before the paint is even dry, so that in due course the painting has to be done all over again. There have been numberless cases where workmen have drilled a hole in a bulkhead without taking the trouble to see what was on the other side, with the

result that some electric lead is pierced and a considerable amount of re-wiring is rendered necessary.

Carelessness and a desire to camouflage mistakes may have most serious results. Some time ago the main motors of a certain submarine were being installed after refit. The installation involved first of all the bolting down of a number of the "pole pieces" of the motor's "field." When the motors were subjected to trial the magnetism drew one of the metal "pole pieces" up into the rotating armature. Damage was, of course, caused, but there might well have been a serious accident involving loss of life. Inquiry led to the discovery that the man employed on bolting down the "pole pieces" was half-way through his work when the hooter sounded for the dinner hour. He dropped his tools and ran, and resumed work after dinner without realising that he had missed out two bolts.

ACCIDENT HUSHED UP

Another case occurred during a refit of the submarine *Oberon*—a vessel which has been the victim of one of the recent cases of sabotage. The peculiarly shaped plate surrounding the forward hatch was dropped off a crane and cracked. Rather than admit the accident—which would have meant an inquiry—the crack was lightly welded and the marks hidden by red lead and paint. It was discovered before the submarine left the dockyard. Had it not been it might well have collapsed while the vessel was deep below the surface of the sea and led to the loss of the submarine and about forty men.

The inefficiency of the Royal Dockyards in the building of ships can be easily deduced from the annual Navy Estimates. These show that, without exception, ships built by the Royal Dockyards cost more and are slower in construction than ships of exactly the same type built by contract.

To this must be added that fact that additional expenditure caused by carelessness or sabotage must, if these take place in a Royal Dockyard, be met by the public purse, whereas in the case of ships in charge of contractors, it has to be met by the contractor. Moreover, when the contract for the building of a ship is placed by the Admiralty a date of completion is laid down in the contract. The contractor must keep to this date and to his estimates. For this reason a ship built by contract is very seldom delayed, for such delay must reflect directly upon the contractor and may well count against him when the question of other contracts are under consideration.

By no means least among the Government's responsibilities at a time when naval rearmament is looming large upon the horizon is to clean up the Royal Dockyards and make sure that they are efficient and economical in their operation. And there is another point which makes such action even more urgent. The men of the Royal Navy spend most of their time in this country in these same dockyards. The men are loyal and not easily seduced, but there is a saying that it is impossible to touch dirt and remain undefiled.

Inquest on the League

By Robert Machray

IN view of a rapidly deteriorating European security, the increasing menace in the Far East, and the consequential, though much belated, rearmament of England, the debates in the Lords last week and in the Commons on Monday may, without exaggeration, be described as constituting an inquest on the League of Nations.

Calls for the reform of the League now coming urgently from various quarters, and not least from the Government hack Press, are in themselves proofs positive of the failure of Geneva, at any rate on all the major issues in high politics to-day. The greatest of these is the pursuit and maintenance of peace, and it is precisely in that respect that its utter incompetence has been and is most clearly demonstrated. Is it not enough to say in this connection that a war, on a considerable scale, and waged not so very far from our own shores, has been going on for about five months, in spite of the League, collective security, Sanctions and what not?

It is not of the slightest use to rail at Mussolini and say it is he who has brought the League down, for from the beginning it contained the seeds of dissolution in itself. It was to be universal, to include all nations under its banner, but the United States dynamited that conception right away by keeping out of the League, though Wilson, the American President, was its chief protagonist. By her standing aside, the United States seriously crippled the League, which was further gravely damaged afterwards by the withdrawal of Japan and Germany and was not materially strengthened by the late adhesion of Red Russia—suspect, with good reason.

THE GREATEST MISTAKE

No claim to universality could or can be made for the League. And what at the start of its history was proclaimed as the merit and glory of Geneva has turned out in practice to be its vice—its “democratic constitution,” by which all its member-States were placed on the same footing, the smallest on a level with the biggest, the vote of Albania being as decisive as that of England, no matter what the consequences. It was theory gone mad, for of course there could not be any such equality. The Great Powers remained what they were, each with its own dominant interests, and the little Powers tailed on, each similarly seeking its own.

More than ten years ago Lord Balfour hit the mark when in 1925—the situation was nothing like so acute then as it is now—he said that the League might prevent small wars, but was powerless to deal with larger conflicts arising from deep-lying causes of hostility, which, for historic or other reasons, divide great and strong States. In fact, the attempt—it was not looked on as a mere

experiment—of the League to establish internationalism was vitiated and defeated from the outset by and in a world, so far as all the States that counted were concerned, which was passionately and absolutely nationalistic.

That nationalism developed alliances “within the framework of the League,” but in reality, under cover of the League, for specific aims and purposes of their own. The League was not strong enough—this was the truth—and hence, soon after it came into existence, the series of French alliances embracing Poland and the Little Entente, the last itself an alliance within the alliance. In their nature these alliances were reinsurances effected from fear the League would not come up to expectations. Next Germany was brought into the League with the aid of the Locarno treaties, all within the expansive “framework,” but which might be more cold-bloodedly described as equivalent to contracting-out of the League.

POWER POLITICS

Then there followed a profusion of regional agreements and defensive pacts, more or less guileless in appearance, but every one of them founded on nothing more or less than the Power Politics which, naturally, are not in keeping with the principles of the League, though the makers of these various political instruments loudly professed they were. In 1933 came the Four-Power Pact, which was based throughout on Power Politics nakedly at first, but later was toned down to take its place within the precious “framework.”

In that year a resurgent Germany under Hitler began to call the tune, and soon it was evident that he had no use for the League with its endless intrigues and shameless hypocrisies. He withdrew from it, and last year he made it plain to the whole world that Germany put her faith in *Machtpolitik*, Power Politics, alone. That declaration of his changed all the political values of our time, and was the deadliest blow that the League had so far received. At all events it killed the Disarmament Conference.

In England we have had and are still having our own experiences respecting the League's incompetence and—to be downright—imbecility. Our fatuous Government still clings to Geneva, though perhaps with not quite so frantic a grasp as in October last, when it recklessly made Italy our enemy and did us harm in other ways, under the malign guidance of Mr. Anthony Eden. The projected programme of rearmament, if only it is adequate and carried out with the necessary speed, will be a thousand times better for England than the League ever could be, for it will give us the security Geneva has not in its power to bestow on us or anybody else. What the League really needs is to be reformed—off the face of the earth.

Eve in Paris

THE President of the Republic's reception for Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to France, adjourned on account of King George's death, was held last week.

Over a hundred distinguished guests dined in the great "Salle des Fêtes," where three long tables had been placed. M. Lebrun presided at the central one. On his right sat Madame de Souza-Dantas, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador; on his left Madame Chlapowska, whose husband is Ambassador of Poland. Madame Lebrun was between H. E. Cardinal Maglione, Pro-Nuncio of the Papal See, and M. de Souza-Dantas, doyen of the Diplomatic Corps.

The table decorations of orchids and golden tulips were much admired, also the priceless Sèvres dinner service, known as "Les Oiseaux" from the birds so exquisitely painted upon it.

After the banquet came the usual ball, crowded and democratic, as such functions invariably are at the Elysée.

* * *

A SERIES of public balls have marked the pre-Lent Season. That known as *le Bal de l'X*, organised by former pupils of the Polytechnic School, took place at the Opéra. The President of the Republic was present with Madame Lebrun, who remained after her husband left, and supped with the Minister of War and Madame Maurin.

The dancing element consisted of students from the Polytechnic, and from Saint Cyr. Their pretty partners seemed divided into two classes, pink girls and blue girls, few other colours being worn. Youth and gaiety were in the air, elders in the boxes watching sympathetically, and forgetting their troubles awhile.

The Gala de la Marine, also held at the Opéra, was more brilliant than ever this year. In the Presidential box Madame Lebrun, wearing white with sables and fine jewels, set an example of smartness. Madame Piétri, wife of the Minister of Marine, looked handsome in coral satin, and the tiara of the Princesse Sixte de Bourbon-Parme, was among the most magnificent in the house.

* * *

THE Orangerie is an ideal spot for a small exhibition. Pictures are well hung, in a favourable light, there are no distracting crowds, and people come to look at the works of art, rather than at each other.

The hundred Corots on view comprise masterpieces unfamiliar to the public, many being loaned from private collections in America and elsewhere.

Lady Clerk, wife of the British Ambassador, was contemplating, with the eye of a connoisseur, a fine portrait of the "Swedish Nightingale,"

Madame Nillson. Prince Nicolas of Greece, a talented painter, who has held exhibitions of his work as "M. Prince," was engrossed in one of the artist's later works, poetic and mysterious.

Corot earned large sums of money and gave freely. After the Commune he distributed £2,000 to the suffering poor of Paris, and, as the doyen of French painters, never forgot his less fortunate brothers. He bought Daumier's cottage, of which the blind genius could no longer pay the rent, and presented it to his friend, saying "I wish to know you have a home." Innumerable acts of kindness are told of him. A poor woman once brought him a picture, a fair imitation of his work, and asked him to sign it. "But I never painted it," he cried, whereupon she wept, declaring she had paid two hundred francs for the canvas as a speculation. Corot took up his brush and worked silently at the landscape, correcting, touching up, then handed it to her. "Let it pass for a Corot," he said. "You will make a little profit."

* * *

THE French love processions, and are always ready to trot, wolf-like, "à la queue, loup, loup," behind leaders. Any pretext will serve to attract where banners wave. Royal, Catholic France knew this, and diverted her people by leading them to Court Pageants and Holy Shrines to keep them harmlessly employed.

Of late years political demonstrations are the fashion, one of the largest ever witnessed being that of the Combined Left Parties last week; in protest against the attack on Léon Blum. Prompt measures having been taken to punish those considered responsible for the outrage, no demonstrations were necessary, but the Reds seized the opportunity to display their power, and defy other political groups.

A five hours march brought the procession, estimated at over 160,000, from the Panthéon to the Place de la Bastille. It was protected by mounted police, municipal guards, and "agents." Heading the motley crowd walked the Communist leader, Senator Marcel Cachin, with Socialist colleagues. Former Minister Daladier was present, also Eugène Frot, and Moro-Giafferi, most opulent of lawyers, who has done well under the hated bourgeois régime. Every shade of Red was represented, from the pink of Left Radicals to the scarlet of the Communist suburbs. Red Flags displayed the hammer and sickle, some borne by sturdy sons of Islam, who shouted, "Liberate Africa!" There were cries of "Les Soviets Partout," "A bas le Fascisme." A group of students singing the Marseillaise was silenced, though some of the Front Commun deigned to sing the National Hymn; others preferred "la Carmagnole."

IS BRITAIN TO BE OF MOSCOW



STANLEY BALDWIN

UNDER the constitution of this country the electorate has no power to recall its representatives.

Once elected, those representatives are safe from the wrath of their constituents until the Parliament to which they are summoned is dissolved.

A Ministry once formed which, by coercion or blackmail, by bullying and bribery, can command a sufficient majority in the Division Lobbies, cannot be ousted by the people, no matter how deeply it betrays its trust.

At this present moment the people of Great Britain have been awakened to the fact that the National Government has failed to perform its primary duty—to keep the nation safe.

In Parliament the Prime Minister has been castigated by one of his own old friends and supporters not only for failing to arm the nation adequately, but for blundering at step after step in his foreign policy.

Not once but twice in a single short sitting of Parliament that Prime Minister has had to confess to gross and grave error.

But he still remains on the Treasury Bench.

Our destinies are still in those nerveless hands.

Mr. Baldwin himself has not been blind to

the national danger. For two years he has talked of the need to re-arm.

But he has done nothing—or next to nothing.

Even now, with the much vaunted activity which is supposed to have stirred the fighting Departments, Britain's suggested progress in re-armament is childish and futile compared with that of either Germany or Italy. It is insignificant before that of Russia.

Mr. Baldwin is supposed to be the leader of the Conservative Party—but for five years he has been dragged at the heels of a Socialist whose early history was remarkable for its attachment to Russia.

Whether as Prime Minister or as President of the Council, whether in Parliament or out, the paramount influence has been that of Ramsay MacDonald—who in 1917 called on Britain to turn Bolshevik and desert the men fighting in the trenches.

It is this Leninite pacifist who has controlled British policy—and with what result?

We are to-day defenceless in a world of



ANTHONY EDEN AND

BE THE CATSPA W OSCOW?

By

"HISTORICUS"

enemies. We are, through the Franco-Russian Pact, being bound more closely to the chariot wheels of Moscow.

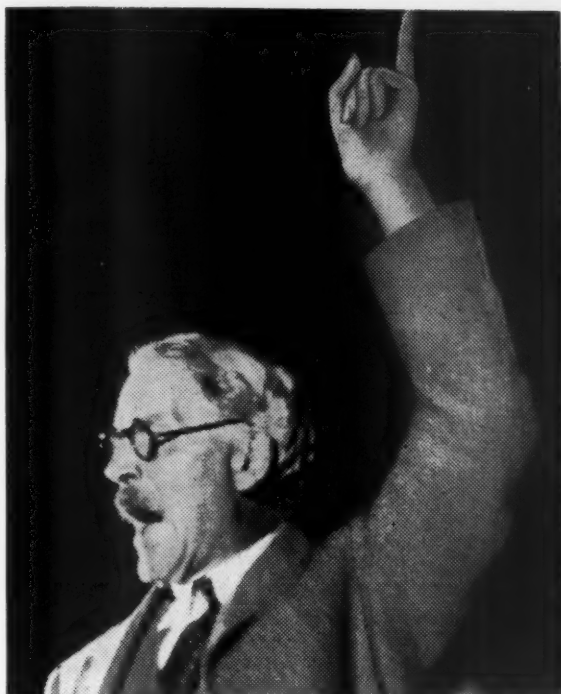
The result is easy to forecast.

Russia is on the verge of war with Japan. She is the avowed foe of both the Fascist States. She cannot avoid war.

Into that war Britain will be dragged, and dragged inadequately armed.

The venom with which the Socialist Ramsay MacDonald has attacked capitalist Britain will be gratified.

To humour his Russian friends British civilisation, all that we have suffered for and fought for, all that our fathers laboriously built for us, will be brought to collapse.



RAMSAY MACDONALD

And the Tory Mr. Baldwin condones this policy!

The people cannot recall their representatives; but, there is one man in the Kingdom who can dismiss Ministers.

It is to their Patriot King that the people of these islands will turn if this suicidal policy is continued of betraying Britain to Russia and of alienating the kindred people of Germany and the once friendly people of Italy for the sake of Bolshevism.

The youthful and ambitious Mr. Anthony Eden may colloque at Geneva with the wily old Litvinoff, but there will come a moment when the patience of Britain will snap.

Britain has been made unpopular and distrusted both in the West and the East, to what end? That she may be thrown into the arms of Russia and used as a sacrifice when the day of reckoning between the Fascist and the Bolshevik States dawns.

It was not for that that the National Government was returned.

If that is to be the fruit of the Baldwin-MacDonald-Eden policy, those who pursue it will not escape nemesis at the hands of the electorate which they have befooled and outraged. But then it will be too late.



AND LITVINOFF IN MOSCOW

The Floating Death

By Dan Russell

FAR away in the grey waste of waters which is known as the Irish Sea a tramp steamer emptied its tanks of the foul, waste oil-fuel. Slowly the thick, viscous stream dripped upon the restless waves and spread around the ship in a treacly, glistening blanket. It spread ever wider upon the water until the last drop had fallen. Then the tramp chugged off on her appointed ways. But the oil-patch remained; a horrible, floating menace which was to bring death to many of the birds which have their being on the sea. It drifted with the tide like a sheet of bird-lime ready to clog feather and wings into helplessness.

Some six miles from the Pembrokeshire coast a small rocky island rises steeply from the sea. This desolate island is the home of countless thousands of sea birds, gulls of all kinds, puffins, shags, cormorants and guillemots and many more.

On this bright March day the island was noisy with busy life, for the nesting season had begun. The waves were dotted with the figures of fishing birds. Every now and then these dots would disappear as the birds dived in search of fish.

One guillemot had ventured much further abroad than the rest. Far from the island he rode upon the waves, his keen eyes gazing down into the water. He was, like most sea-birds, of sober plumage. His head, neck and back were dark brown and his underparts white. His beak was the short, pointed weapon of a hunter.

Prisoner of the Oil

He spied movement in the water beneath him and dived without a ripple. A shoal of small fish were swimming just below the surface. With wings folded close to his body the guillemot pushed himself forward with powerful kicks of his webbed feet. As the shoal turned and twisted, so did he, and when he rose above the surface thirty yards further on a flapping fish was gripped in his beak.

He shook himself to clear the drops of water from his plumage. And immediately he knew that something was wrong. Instead of flying from him in a shower of spray the heaviness still clung. Then he saw that all around him was a black and viscous mass. He had risen in the centre of the floating oil-patch.

His once white breast was brown with it. His head and back and wings were coated with the sticky horror which clogged every filament of his feathers. Panic-stricken, he dropped the fish and tried to fly, but his wings were bound to his sides as though glued. Desperately he struggled but his efforts served only to daub his feathers more thickly.

He abandoned his attempts at flight and paddled clear of the oil. But he soon found that he was not strong enough to paddle far against the tide.

Helplessly he drifted further and further away from his island home.

With the passing of the long hours his efforts to free himself grew more infrequent. It was as though he recognised the hopelessness of his plight and the futility of struggling against it. He drifted over the sea at the mercy of the wind and tide.

All through the night he drifted and throughout the following day. He was very weak now, both from hunger and from the strain of continually paddling to keep himself upright upon the waves. The oil was continually irritating his tender skin. The end was not far off.

An hour after dusk he was washed up on a sandy beach. He lay with his beak open, too weak and exhausted to crawl to the shelter of the cliffs. The tide went out and left him lying there. And when the tide had gone and the night was still the rats, scavengers of the beach, came out to search for their foul food.

Enemies and Friends

All night the guillemot sat upon the sand, his beak ready for defence. But the rats were cowards; weak though he was, none ventured within reach of that defiant bill. They knew that very soon he would be theirs.

So all that night there was no rest for him. But with the coming of the sun the rats went to their halls and the bird fell into a doze of sheer exhaustion. Very still and quiet he lay upon the sand. His body was a mere handful of bone and feathers. Death was very near to him.

But suddenly he opened his dull, sunken eyes to find an animal regarding him with eager curiosity. He drew back his bill in feeble defiance. The spaniel barked and a man came up. He saw the bird and his eyes were filled with pity. He raised his stick to end its sufferings. The guillemot lay back with its beak ready to strike. But the blow did not fall. Something in the hopeless, defiant courage of the bird touched the man. He took off his coat and wrapped the bird in it. Then he retraced his steps along the beach.

At his cottage he put the bird in an outhouse and fetched a can of petrol. Very tenderly he sponged the foulness from the draggled feathers until they were clean again. Then he fetched a plate of chopped fish and fed it.

For six days he kept the bird until its strength had returned to it. On the seventh morning he wrapped a sack round it and took it to the beach. "Good luck," he said, and set it free.

The guillemot spread its short, pointed wings and climbed into the air. For a moment it hovered as if uncertain, then it set off unerringly in the direction of its distant island home. One victim at least had been saved from the floating death.

RACING

Weights and Winners

By David Learmonth

TO go, or not to go? That is the question. And it is a much more difficult question than most people think. I was reminded of it at Kempton last Saturday, when I went down to see how the National horses fared in the Coventry Chase, which promised to be extraordinarily interesting.

The course, to say nothing of the paddock and the approach to it, was knee deep in mud. In fact it was just the sort of day when the wisecracks lay down as axiomatic that the bottom weights will win and that anyone who wishes to be successful will have to ride a waiting race, just as they often lay down that in a handicap the lightweights should rattle along merrily in front and the heavyweights wait behind. Well, we shall see.

Let us get the question of weight off our chests first. There was a time when, having read a lot of newspapers, I remarked to a very famous trainer for whom I was going to ride a horse that, since it had pretty well top weight, I supposed he would want me to ride a waiting race.

He looked at me quizzically and said, "I presume you've been studying a lot, but everyone doesn't think that."

"Who doesn't?" I asked.

He said "Eugene Leigh."

An Expert's Theory

Then he told me how the famous trainer of Epinard and other champions, a man of vast experience and accumulated knowledge, had always adopted the opposite theory. If his horse was highly weighted he told the jockey to go on ahead and to make running if he could do so at a reasonable pace, but anyhow to keep in the first batch. If it was among the bottom weights he said, "Well, the horse hasn't much to carry; you can wait to-day."

His theory, I suppose, was that it is easier to keep going with a big weight than to overtake others. Anyhow, he was an exceptionally successful trainer, and his opinions must be treated with respect.

At Kempton the first race, a selling steeplechase, was won by the top weight. It is, however, only fair to say that the jockey rode a waiting race, though he got at the leaders, so far as one could see in the fog, three-quarters of a mile from home. The big race, the Coventry Steeplechase, run over a distance of three and a half miles in appalling going, was also won by the top weight, who was with the leaders all the time. The winner, Brienz, was not by any means thrown in by the handicapper, and it is noteworthy that Belted Hero, who was second, was also second in the handicap, while Buckthorn, who would have finished a very bad third had he not fallen at the last fence was, although carrying a stone less than the winner, fifth in point of weight in an entry of nineteen.

So lightweights did not show up to much advantage in this race, though one must admit that it was not an event from which it was fair to draw conclusions, as the preparation of so many of the runners had been interfered with by frost, while the going was abnormal.

I remember an occasion at a West Country course, now abandoned in favour of an alternative one, when the going was exceptionally holding. A very experienced ex-jockey who was then a trainer and who had served a good deal of his apprenticeship at these local meetings, where the going was far from what might have been desired, told me at all costs to go on ahead.

"Once get in front and they'll never catch you in this mud," was what he said. And, as things turned out, he proved to be right.

Differences of Opinion

The owner and trainer of the animal did not, however, seem to agree; for all he said to me by way of congratulation for having ridden a winner for him was, "I should imagine the mare was pretty short of breath," which shows that there can be differences of opinion over racing matters as much as in politics. In fact, I am not absolutely certain to this day which of the two was right, though I am sure it is unwise in heavy going to leave much leeway to be made up. In fact, it usually is in any going unless the leaders go mad.

The Coventry Steeplechase may not have told us a lot; but it at least indicated that Brienz stays. Before the race people had been inclined to look upon three miles as the limit of his endurance. This idea must now be completely exploded; for he finished very strongly at the end of the grueling three and a half miles. I can see no reason why he should not get the trip at Liverpool, where the going is never deep.

Brienz has class enough to win anything, and the only doubt about him is his capacity to jump Liverpool. A trainer after the Kempton race solemnly declared that he would never do so; but as no one could see anything except the last fence and the one after passing the stands, owing to the fog, this seemed to me rather a wild statement. I am not saying, mind you, that Brienz will win the National. There are other good horses. At the moment I would still rather back Reynolds-town, with whose progress his connections are quite satisfied, and Blue Prince who, considering that they are practically non-betting people, has been strongly supported by his owner, Lady Lindsay, and her husband.

What I think the race did show was that Belted Hero's chances of success at Liverpool are very small. In the paddock he looked, I thought, rather fine drawn for a National candidate at this stage; and then he had a stiffish race.

CORRESPONDENCE

Lady Houston's Revelations

SIR,—Lady Houston's revelation last week that a member of the Government of the time actually told her that we were defenceless in the air gives me food for plenty of thought.

Since then for four long years the Government have turned a deaf ear to Lady Houston's warnings and have rejected with contumely her magnificent and patriotic offer of £200,000 towards the defence of London.

Now they have "got the wind up" and are trying to do in three years what should have been done carefully and by degrees ever since the Great War.

It may be that we can rush through engines of war, though I doubt if they will be as efficient as they would have been if they had evolved by trial and experiment from an adequate supply manufactured each year for the past fifteen years, which is what should have been done, but where are the men to man them coming from?

We have heard very little of the steps to be taken to secure the necessary personnel for an enlarged Navy, Army and Air Force, and it takes as long to train an efficient sailor, soldier, or airman as it does to build a ship.

H. N. CROMER.

Wanstead.

Government Treachery

SIR,—Lady Houston's disclosure of the treachery of the Government in leaving us defenceless when it knew full well the state of affairs must make every true Englishman's blood boil.

To think that our Ministers could sit still complacently for four years knowing all the time that we were in deadly peril makes one shudder.

I feel now it is only because patriots like Lady Houston have never eased up in their campaign to get our defences set in order that anything has been done, and I only pray to God that it is not now too late.

FLORENCE JENKINS.

Southsea.

England in Peril

SIR,—Lady Houston's disclosure must awaken us all to the deadly peril which we are in at a time when all Europe is an armed camp and we alone are defenceless.

The situation is so menacing that the belated action of the Government is not enough. We want conscription without delay; for when the inevitable war comes our only chance of remaining out of it will be to present a front not only armed to the teeth but manned with an adequate number of properly trained men.

Streatham, S.W.

J. W. TAYLOR.

The Price of Neglect

MADAM,—

The appalling disclosure which you made on the front cover of last week's issue of the *Saturday Review* must cause all patriotic Englishmen to think deeply.

This proves, if proof were any longer needed, that the Government did not allow us to remain defenceless through ignorance, but deliberately and with malice aforethought.

As a result of their deliberate neglect, panic measures have now to be adopted, which must be both more expensive and less efficient than a steady building up of our defences over a period of years would have been.

Also it will be three years at least before the scheme can be completed and in the meantime we shall continue to be defenceless.

J. H. MARSHALL.

Harrogate.

The Risk of Bombardment

DEAR MADAM,

Some weeks ago an article appeared in an English county weekly dealing with the bombardment of Scarborough and Hartlepool by the German fleet in December 1915. The article was accompanied with several striking photographs.

These pictures thoroughly demonstrate what our inadequate coastal defences cost us then in damage to buildings alone, in addition to loss of life.

Hartlepool seems to have suffered even more than Scarborough, for, according to an authority, 1,500 shells were fired on Hartlepool. The total death roll was 119, and wounded amounted to no less than 300, many of whom are disabled to this day. *Little children going to school and babies in their mother's arms were blown to pieces!*

Have we forgotten so soon the valuable lessons to be learned from these naval raids? Have we forgotten, too, the numerous aid raids which took place during the war—on London principally, and on other places in this dear land of ours?

In a world such as we are living in to-day, a world seething with suspicion, distrust and hatred, where the nations are divided into armed camps, we cannot afford to take any risks.

Preparedness Ensures Peace! And the proper recognition of that truth entails the immediate strengthening of our defences both at home and in other parts of our great Empire.

Wake Up, Baldwin!

A. B.

Mussolini or Litvinoff?

SIR,—The finest character which this century has produced among statesmen was Engelbach Dollfuss. His one great friend among non-Austrians, not only on account of political expedience, but in heart and spirit, was the man to whom he entrusted the safety of his wife and children—Benito Mussolini.

This is the man whom the spokesmen of nearly all the London Press and Parliament and of the B.B.C., delight to revile and traduce. They prefer Litvinoff, the friends of Stavisky, and the head wingers of the money markets, not to mention Hailé Selassie as the King of the Cannibal Islands, or of the Calcutta Corporation.

O. C. G. HAYTER.

24, Loughton Avenue, S.E.21.

The Archduke Otto

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would allow me to correct a statement freely made in the Press that the Archduke Otto's journey to Paris has been condemned "even by his own true friends." Indeed, quite the contrary is the case, for the Archduke's true friends recognise the journey as a further proof of his determination not to let slip any opportunity which might hasten a restoration. When the call comes, he will not fail them. As to his so-called "unpopularity," I need only remind you that he has but recently been made an honorary citizen of over 1,000 towns, and that his name is everywhere greeted with enthusiasm.

That the British Press of the Left should have condemned the Paris journey, is natural, since the Press of the Left merely reflects the attitude of the present "Centre and Left Coalition" which calls itself the "National Government." To a Tory, however, there seems to be no cogent reason why certain organs purporting to be of the Right should also reflect the attitude of the National Government. Surely we of the Right who are confessed Monarchists at home, may reasonably sympathise with Restorations abroad, the more so since a Hapsburg Restoration in Austria would serve as a bulwark against the anti-Christian forces of Russia—but our pro-Slav government thinks otherwise.

A. TORY.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Biggest Fools

[From Sir Theodore Brinckman, Bart.]

SIR,—When I was very young I always thought that Members of Parliament were very clever men and, especially Cabinet Ministers. But after many years of studying politics I have come to the conclusion that the greater part of them are the biggest fools, and absolutely wanting in common sense.

Could anything be more disastrous than our present moth-eaten lot? Baldwin, MacDonald & Co. have let the country down, lost trade with our old ally Italy, backed up this dangerous Mr. Eden, and are now only talking about putting our defences in order, which they ought to have done long since; and trying to make friends with our enemy Russia.

THEODORE BRINCKMAN.

63, Brook Street, W.1.

Baldwin Must Resign

SIR,—After Sir Austen Chamberlain's remarks on Mr. Baldwin and those in Mr. Neville Chamberlain's speech a short time ago—he remarked that it was criminal our defences should be in their present condition—one comes to the conclusion that the whole Cabinet are criminals with fossilised brains and totally unfit to rule the country, and it is quite time the Conservative Party insisted upon Mr. Baldwin's immediate resignation, which would enable them to shake out the crocks that are there simply as Baldwin's tools and replace them with men not seeking self-aggrandisement, but anxious to do their best for the Empire.

Mr. Baldwin has lowered the prestige of British politics with his underhand tricks and unblushingly making mis-statements of facts, and at the same time posing as an honest man, that the word contortionist used in the House of Lords describing him, was hardly strong enough.

His promises he never keeps, and any statements he makes are most unreliable (German flying machines for an example). One wonders sometimes why he is so anxious to kow-tow with Russia, where he knows they never attempt to pay the debts they owe us, and lets them swamp England, India and our Colonies with their poisonous propagandists. Perhaps Mr. MacDonald, when Prime Minister in the Labour Government, engaged himself in some sinister manner committing this country in some way which dare not be disclosed and so placed Russia in the position of dictator, hence Mr. Baldwin's anxiety to force Mr. MacDonald into the Cabinet at any cost. It is all so mysterious that it makes one wonder.

OBSERVER.

St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Bolshevik Impudence

SIR,—The article, published in the *Saturday Review*, entitled "The Triumph of Wickedness," was read by me in a Frankfurt newspaper with great interest.

It was a source of gratification to me and, no doubt, to many others, that Miss Buchanan had the courage to write the truth regarding the presence of Litvinoff at the funeral of King George. It is astonishing that a man like Litvinoff should venture to come to England on such an occasion and meet so many prominent people of all nations. Is it not just as astonishing and paradox that he should be President of the League of Nations, whereas he and his colleagues are responsible for the murder of many hundred thousands and the starvation of millions of his fellow creatures?

Names like Lenin, Sinojew, alias Radomysky; Trotsky, alias Bronstein; Kamenev, alias Rosenfeld; Menschinski; Radek, alias Sobelsohn; Jagoda, the leader of the O.G.P.U., and head slaughterer, and Uritzki, the head of the Petersburg Tscheka, and many others, all of whose hands are steeped in blood—will never be forgotten. The mere mention of these names makes one shudder.

Obermoos,

W. KIRKWOOD.

Krs. Lauterbach/Oberhessen, Germany.

The Truth About Abyssinia

MY LADY,—

How I wish people would realise that Abyssinia is not a nation, but a conglomeration of vassal tribes under Amhara rule which for years has been extending its domination over alien peoples who owe it no allegiance, except that extorted by fear.

It is manifest that, on outlying frontiers, the power of the central government in such cases is nil and any authority which may be exercised is in the hands of some local Ras, or tribal chieftain, who may be quite ready to condone any border raiding, provided he gets his quid pro quo in slaves or loot of any kind, or who, from his hostility to the government, may desire to embroil it with contiguous neighbours.

There is evidence that both slave and cattle raiding has been indulged in, not only on the eastern frontier of Abyssinia where forays have been fairly common on the Italians colonies, but also into Kenya and Uganda though the news of these incursions appears to have been kept entirely for government consumption and to have only lately become common knowledge.

It can hardly be a matter of surprise that the Italians took up arms to put an end to so unsatisfactory a condition on their frontier; any self-respecting power would do so, and the Italians are doing a good work and sharing the white man's burden in their attempt to clean out a most unsavoury nationality, and deserve the thanks and admiration of all who are not obsessed by that queer dream of an irresponsible doctrine the League of Nations, or rendered senseless by the raucous bellowings and bleatings of that collection of War Incubators the L.N.U.

A great deal has been made of the reports of the bombing of non-combatants by Italian planes, and the pugilistic pacifist has made these reports a further reason for his persistent pleadings of "punish Italy." "War is an unpleasant thing, and war with savages is most merciful, in the long run when it speaks with the savages own tongue with no uncertain accent." I quote from Fredric L. Paxson's "Last Frontier" and whether the reports to which reference has been made are authentic or otherwise, it appears far better that the war should be ended with the greatest despatch by whatever means lest a worse thing befall.

To attempt to coerce Italy by means of continual pin pricks at the behest of a crowd of ignorant sentimentalists whose views should be kindly entertained and quietly ignored, is playing with fire. Let Italy alone.

The Quarry,

A. C. H. MAYNARD.

Ebberton, Swinton.

Why Not A Register of Chemists

SIR,—The plea made by "Chemical Practitioner" for immediate revision of Rule 29 of the Poisons Board Report is one to which thousands of unattached chemists add their voices, and it is good to see that your publication is generous enough to place this grievance on record.

Serious injustice will occur if the Rules are allowed to pass into law as they now stand, and only members of one chemists' society are included.

It would be illuminating to learn what qualifications the Government deemed necessary for a chemist during the war. One fancies they did not restrict their choice to members of any one society in those days!

In view of the fact that there is no Council or Society authorised to speak for all chemists, would not this be a good time for the Government, in conjunction with the Institute of Chemistry, British Association of Chemists and other chemists' societies, to organise, or cause to be organised, a Register of Chemists?

EDWARD MILLIGAN.

8, Lea Bridge Road, E.5.

THEATRE NOTES

"At the Silver Swan"

Palace Theatre

By Guy Bolton and Clifford Grey

I DO not know what it was that Edward Samuel's and Henry C. James's story "The Highwayman" suggested to Mr. Bolton and Mr. Grey, but whatever it was I sincerely wish that it hadn't. Anyhow, it all took place at Balleroo, Australia, "during the period when adventurous spirits from every corner of the globe were flocking to the gold-fields" (vide programme). Some of the "adventurous spirits" looked uncommonly like American cow-punchers of the "Exploits of Elaine" period, but let that pass. Into this strangely unattractive atmosphere, drifts Alice Delysia and proceeds to brighten it up. What happened then is all part of the theme originated by Edward Samuels and Henry C. James, which apparently suggested a good deal more to Guy Bolton and Clifford Grey than it did to me.

Delysia was absolutely wasted in this preposterous atmosphere and those clever comedians, Magda Kun and Steve Geray aroused one's sympathy by their determined fight against overwhelming odds. Lucienne and Ashour stopped the show with the only clever dancing of the evening, and there was a good deal of music going on most of the time. I hope Mr. Bolton and Mr. Grey will not again succumb to the power of suggestion.

"Catiline"

Royalty Theatre

By Henrik Ibsen

THE story is of Lucius Catiline, who lives in the decadent age of Rome. It unfolds his struggles between his ideals and his lower nature. He would like to free Rome from her corrupt rulers, but he wants power too; he is still further tempted by his wife Aurelia to leave all, and live a peaceful, purer life in Gaul.

Unfortunately, he has always had a roving eye, and follows a Vestal into the Temple where, while she has no love for him, she binds him (Lucius, as she knows him) by every sacred oath to avenge her sister who was ravished by a Roman whose name is all she knows of him. He swears, only to find that the name is that of Lucius Catiline.

The vestal fire goes out and she is entombed alive. Henceforth, her spirit is with Catiline wherever he is, working for his downfall, but in the end, as he dies, the ever-faithful Aurelia dies with him and defeats the vestal who fades away alone to her own black shades.

The play holds one throughout, in spite of a dullish period in the last act. Donald Wolfitt gives an extraordinary thoughtful study of the struggle in Catiline's mind between his better and baser selves, and Gabrielle Casartelli gives a gentle performance as his wife. With the exception of Elaine Wodson as the vestal, the rest of the cast is negligible.

"After October"

Arts Theatre Club

By Rodney Ackland

MR. RODNEY ACKLAND certainly knows how to write a play. As I am convinced that "After October" must—if there is any sense left in modern impresarios—be shortly put on at a West End Theatre, I shall forbear from saying anything about the plot. Suffice it that Mr. Ackland has invented a thoroughly likeable though somewhat feckless family living in reduced circumstances in Hampstead. They have as paying guest an unconsolable young woman, and as hangers on a militant though unsuccessful poet who disparages everybody and everything and is not averse to snapping up unconsidered trifles, and an elderly lady who believes in the influence of the planets.

The daughters and the paying guest have their love affairs and the son writes a play. Ruling over this roost is a middle-aged, capable ex-chorus girl, superbly played by Mary Clare. It will be splendid to see Miss Clare back again in her proper place in the Theatre and I hope therefore, that the West End production will not be long delayed. Peter Godfrey as the thwarted and hungry poet, and Merle Tottenham as one of those girls who "keep themselves to themselves," take the next honours, while Leonora Corbett, Gwladys Evan Morris, Iris Baker and Griffith Jones keep the play moving at a brisk pace.

"Distinguished Gathering"

Cambridge Theatre

By James Parish

THIS excellent "thriller" used the occasion of its hundredth performance for the introduction into the cast of Cathleen Nesbitt as Judith Montague and Margaret Halstan as Caroline Beckwith. Each is an accomplished artist and the play went with a swing.

The story of a publisher who resorts to, shall we say, most unusual methods to rid the world of an odious writer of libellous memoirs has lost none of its thrill or suspense and I see no reason why "Distinguished Gathering" should not celebrate a 200th performance with more to follow.

C.S.

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New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

FREDERICK II, Holy Roman Emperor in the reign of our Kings, John and Henry III, was the "Wonder" and enigma of his age, and somewhat of an enigma he still remains despite all Mr. Richard Oke's lively and laudable efforts to write up his astonishing career and explain his bewildering personality to us ("The Boy from Apulia," Barker, 10s. 6d.).

Was this "Stupor Mundi" just a little mad and unaccountable, an atheist, a true son of the Church, a cold-blooded cynic, a poseur, a resurrected Nero or a superman with a lofty mission? There could be many interpretations of the character of a man who could be ruthless with his own eldest son, who quarrelled with three Popes, who delighted in staging triumphs after the old Roman model and in travelling about attended by a menagerie and a troupe of dancing girls, who kept a Saracen bodyguard and took a friendly interest in Jews and Moslems, and who encouraged his entourage to indulge in versification, professed a love of learning and himself wrote what was to become a standard work on falconry?

Charm this "Puer Apuliae" assuredly possessed in remarkable degree as also the Napoleonic faculty of taking his enemies by surprise through rapid and unexpected action.

Without these qualities that earned for him the reputation of a second Alexander, the grandson of Barbarossa could hardly, as a mere boy of sixteen, have won back the Imperial Crown that had passed into the hands of two successive usurpers.

Mr. Richard Oke sums up his career as follows:

"Frederick's immortality is of less perishable sort than books or buildings. Intangible memorials of him abound.

"His resident at Tunis was the forerunner of the consular service; his customs-system inaugurated the tariff-walls over which we peer to-day; his unguaranteed leather coinage seems to be the ancestor of paper money without gold backing. Never was such a trail-blazer.

"The literary and legal use in Germany and Italy of the vernacular, the rescue from their Arabic hiding-place of ideas of ancient Greece—under his patronage and often at his instigation these things came to pass. The Landpeace of Mainz, the Constitutions of Melfi, even if they can be fathered on earlier systems reaching back to Justinian, became the foundations of much later lawgiving.

"He gave to the intellectual life of his day a stimulus without which the Renaissance would at best have been delayed. He is the prime instance of the dictator, the unifier. No subsequent European autocrat except Napoleon would wield such absolute and extensive power."

Genghis Khan the Conqueror

At the time the Apulian Boy was busily engaged in recovering his inheritance in the West, another Alexander of more ferocious character had started upon his career of conquest in the East that was to overwhelm China and the whole of Central Asia and was to bring terror and massacre to the very threshold of Europe.

This was the Mongolian Temujin—better known under his title of Genghis (or Chingis) Khan—who, like Frederick II, was as a child robbed of his rightful heritage and had to fight to regain it and who, like Frederick again, showed himself possessed of great strength of purpose, a gift for organisation and the faculty of hypnotising and stupefying his opponents by the unexpected vigour of his actions.

And if Temujin had not the Staufen charm, nor Frederick's diplomatic abilities, he was unquestionably a far greater military leader.

Mr. Ralph Fox tells us all there is to know about this somewhat legendary figure in what he claims to be "the only book upon the subject in English based on a study of original sources." ("Genghis Khan," with illustrations and maps, 12s. 6d.)

He stoutly challenges the assertion of the Russian Professor, Vladimirtsov, that the Mongolian conquest had no other result than the piling up of a "pyramid of skulls."

"The actual effect of the foundation of the Mongol Empire was that for something over a century the conditions for a real world market and world trade were created. In the end all the advantages of this rich trade came to Europe. Temujin opened the wealth of Asia to the Western world and so made possible the birth of modern man."

Defects of Colonial Administration

A book that provokes some uncomfortable reflections on certain aspects of our colonial administrative system is "Nigeria," by W. R. Crocker (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.).

Mr. Crocker writes from his experience as a former administrative officer in this particular colony. Two-thirds of his book are given up to extracts from the journal he kept while at work in Nigeria and the remaining third sets out the moral to be drawn from those extracts.

Points which Mr. Crocker emphasises are: The inefficiency resulting from the lack of any proper system of postings and transfers and from an understaffed and over-worked administrative personnel; the danger of "turning a minority of Africans (the literate and semi-literate) into spoilt children at the cost of the rest"; the importance of enabling the African to develop along his own lines "instead of artificially as a pseudo-European"; the transformation of government into an "elaborate business of paper and ink and with rules so numerous and complicated that even their makers cannot always understand them"; and the demoralising effects on the Service of careerism and secret reports on officers by their superiors.

He concludes with several suggestions for the remedy of the evils to which he has drawn attention.

The Waterloo Campaign

Major A. F. Becke has been studying and analysing the Waterloo campaign for some thirty years and he has now thoroughly revised the work he brought out in two volumes as long ago as 1914, under the title "Napoleon and Waterloo."

The present edition which is compressed into one volume and which has six new sketches in addition to five maps, is to a very great extent a new book (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.).

Major Becke, it is interesting to note, now adopts the solution first suggested by M. E. Lenient for the baffling mystery of the "pencil note" which was the supposed cause of D'Erlon's fruitless manoeuvres on June 16th.

He also puts forward the view that the state of Napoleon's health was an important factor affecting the whole course of the Waterloo campaign.

"Napoleon's recurring fits of lethargy, his extreme depression at the conclusion of the struggle, his occasional irritability, his false estimate of what Blücher would do after Ligny (amounting to a delusion) are explained by his suffering from acromegaly.

"By following Napoleon during the progress of the campaign it is possible to notice certain facts which taken by themselves might mean nothing, though in the aggregate they afford proof that he no longer retained his earlier mental and bodily powers."

Policing the Arctic

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police has a magnificent record of service to its credit since its first establishment under the original title of the North-West Mounted Police.

Few men would be better qualified to write up the story of that service than Major Harwood Steele, seeing that as son of Major-General Sir Samuel Steele he was literally born in the Force.

In "Policing the Arctic" (with thirty-one illustrations and a map, Jarrolds, 18s.) he confines himself to setting out the history of one particular phase of the Mounties' varied activities: the adventurous conquest of Arctic and sub-Arctic Canada.

It is a romantic story of great endurance and heroism, and Major Steele tells it vivaciously and well from the first sensational beginnings of tackling the Yukon gold rush and turning a Hell of gangsters and rogues into a peaceful Paradise to the present day when:—

"The North is very law-abiding. There are no drug-fiends there, no Communists, no strikes. It seems as if the many years of service and sacrifice have brought about the Force's ideal—a land free from crime; as if its persistent efforts, often at great cost, to convert the Eskimos from a highly complex, and in many ways undesirable code to that of White Canadians have been crowned with success."

English Roads

In his attractively written and illustrated book, "From Track to Highway" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), Mr. G. Gibbard Jackson speaks of six distinct epochs in British road history.

The first was the pre-Roman period when there were few roads, but a fair number of usable tracks. The second epoch was that of the Romans and their planning and building. The third epoch was one of decay in which the roads were allowed to deteriorate and become practically useless.

The fourth epoch witnessed a road revival that lasted till the stage and mail coaches passed away. Then came the fifth epoch with the arrival of the railways, when once more the roads were deserted.

Finally, the motor-car inaugurated the epoch in which we live and in which the road has attained a popularity such as it has never previously had.

Mr. Jackson traces the story of all the old main roads in detail throughout the centuries and has much to tell us about famous inns, turnpike trusts, highwaymen and changes in forms of vehicle.

China Through Chinese Eyes

"The truest, the most profound, the most complete, the most important book yet written about China," is Mrs. Pearl S. Buck's glowing introduction to Dr. Lin Yutang's "My Country and My People" (Heinemann, illustrated, 15s.).

Interesting, well-written and in many ways very instructive, this book certainly is. But one must confess to being a little bewildered by the seeming inconsistency of some of the author's conclusions.

For example, in one part of his book he sees no hope for the latter-day China, living in a state of chaos and struggling against floods, corruption and bandits, except it be the intervention of the "Great Executioner" "who will throw out the goddesses whose names are Face, Fate and Favour"; while in another part he gives us to understand that it is the family and village system which are really responsible for all China's ills, leaving us to wonder how in that case the Great Executioner is likely to root out evils that are so natural to the soil.

Adventures in Espionage

Mrs. Marthe McKenna did notable espionage work for the Allies in the Great War, and she was able to tell the world about her exploits in "I Was a Spy." She has now written another book, entitled "My Master Spy: A Narrative of War-time Secret Service" (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.). It is an exciting story of an Englishman's impersonation of his "double," a German officer, after the latter had been abducted from Belgium. How far it is an authentic tale only the author can say.

Another story that reads like fiction, but is vouched for by its publishers as absolutely true, is "The White Tuareg," by Operator 1384 (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). It tells of the adventures of an agent of *L'Espionage Central* in the French Foreign Legion while engaged in an attempt to suppress the White Slave and Drug Traffic in Northern Africa.

Yet a third espionage story, the authenticity of which is not open to any doubt, is "The Lunatic Spy," by Mr. Frank Groundsell (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.). This is a simply written but entertaining account of how Mr. Groundsell discovered a career for himself as a crazy conductor. He couldn't read all the musical scores, but once he had started a piece he "knew the values and tempos and where the instruments came in."

A Berlin Manager saw one of his performances in England and offered him a job. He went over to Germany and at once made a hit as a "Lunatic Conductor."

Then came the war. Mr. Groundsell secured an American passport and remained on to carry on his conducting with any kind of band he could get hold of, police or military.

He had many acquaintances among German officers and soldiers, and he secured from them various items of military information which he invariably passed on to two British Intelligence agents who had put him up to this business. His adventures became still more lively when America joined the Allies and he had to escape to Holland.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 3s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST—Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 6 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLANDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 1 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; bathing, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDEWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- . Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- . W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- . Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9. Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- . Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- . Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26 Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- . Lun., 3/- ; Din., 5/- . Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E. 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E. 25/- . Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

IFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANWRTYD WELLS, Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum., £4 15/- . W.E., 30/- . Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. 'Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 55/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 6530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- . Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/8. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/8. W.E., 36/- to 45/- . Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- . Lun., 3/6 and 4/- ; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £3 10/- . W.E., £1 7/- . Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ONTYNE — Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/- . Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/- . 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- . Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- . Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/- ; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- . Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/- ; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- . Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- . Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- . Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- . Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/- . Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH Uist, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square. Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- . Lun., 2/- . Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. 'Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d., double, 14s. Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/- . W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/- ; Sup., 2/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WARWICK. — Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4j gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE. — Riggs's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E. £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH. — Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

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LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T.; Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

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RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Phone: Park 1163. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.; Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

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NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T., Jesmond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single frm. 7/6. Garden.

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OXFORD. — Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

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SOUTHSEA, HANTS. — Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos. — Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY. Pem. — Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY. — Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road. — Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23. Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E. from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye. — Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief. Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

GERMANY. — Learn the Truth for your self. Free literature in English obtainable from Dept. 8, Deutscher Fichtebund, Hamburg 36, Jungfernstieg 30.

EDUCATIONAL

SHERBORNE SCHOOL ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS. 1936 About twelve Scholarships and Exhibitions of a value of from £100 to £300 per annum to be offered as a result of the Examination to be held at Sherborne School on May 26th, 27th, and 28th, 1936, including special Exhibitions for the sons of Clergy, sons of Barristers, and sons of Officers in H.M. Forces. For full particulars apply to the Headmaster, Sherborne School, Sherborne, Dorset.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Problems for Visiting Australian Ministers

From an Australian Correspondent

WITH the arrival in London about the middle of March of Dr. Earle Page, deputy Prime Minister of Australia, and Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Federal Attorney-General, a series of important conversations between the Commonwealth and British Governments will commence.

Ostensibly, the principal purpose of the Attorney-General's visit is to represent the Commonwealth at a Privy Council case which, if lost, would threaten extensive Australian marketing legislation and probably involve amendments to the Constitution.

There is, however, little doubt that, as on his visit to London last year, he will take a prominent part in trade and political negotiations.

The inability of British lines in the regular trans-Pacific passenger and cargo trade to cope with the highly subsidised competition of the American Matson Line is expected to be discussed in April.

The Question of Subsidy

It concerns equally the British, Canadian, Australian and New Zealand Governments, all of which may be represented. All have so far avoided committing themselves to any expression of opinion on subsidy; equally, all have recognised the danger of the British flag being driven off this route.

The companies affected have, it is understood, supplied the British Government with an estimate of the amount of subsidy required to maintain the services.

If the Governments should agree to a subsidy, there would then arise the problem of its distribution.

Reluctant as they are to create a precedent which it may not be possible to confine to the Pacific trade, the tone of recent debates in the House of Commons is an assurance that the champions of the British companies will keep their grievances prominently before the delegates.

Preliminary arrangements for the Imperial Conference next year will also occupy the Australian Ministers.

The present intention is to hold the conference shortly before or after the Coronation, so that the Prime Ministers can come to London to pay their homage and drive their bargains on the one visit.

First steps towards the revision and renewal of the Ottawa agreements must be taken by Dr. Page and Mr. Menzies in consultation with the Dominions Office and the Board of Trade.

Dissatisfaction on the part of British manufacturers with Aus-

tralia's interpretation of that section of the Ottawa agreement which provides "full opportunity of reasonable competition" was expressed to Mr. Lyons and his delegation here last year.

The campaign has been taken a stage farther by the presentation to the British Government of the Federation of British Industries' memorandum laying down the bases on which it considers the Ottawa agreements should be re-negotiated.

The claim of the Federation and of the National Union of Manufacturers for a duty upon Empire manufactured goods imported into Great Britain will concern Australia less than Canada.

But the charge that tariffs against British manufactures has not been confined to "those industries which are reasonably assured of sound opportunities for success" may be directed largely to Australia.

The Federation asks, in short, for the complete implementation of the Ottawa agreements.

In conformity with his Country Party principles, Dr. Page will doubtless be sympathetic with the manufacturers' demand for lower tariffs. But he will wish to counterbalance it with an assurance of the receptiveness of the British market to Australian meat and dairy produce, which, as Minister for Commerce, he must seek.

The South African Native Bills

By G. Delap Stevenson

ENGLAND has good cause for anxiety over the Native Bills now going through the South African Parliament.

They are a very definite decision for the policy of native segregation. They deal with a matter of principle and are therefore bound to influence the relations of natives and whites all over the Empire.

The principle they acknowledge, though it has existed for a long time in the Union, has never been so clearly and officially put forward, and it is a principle which is not accepted in most other British territories.

Besides their effects, considered purely as native policy, the Bills are also a subtle attack on the already weak position of the British in the Union.

In about ten constituencies in the Cape the native vote held the balance against Boer dominance, for the natives used to support British policies.

The removal of the Cape native franchise means the more effective swamping of the British.

These Native Bills, therefore, are

not merely internal measures, but matters which affect the Empire as a whole.

There are two Native Bills, one dealing with land and the other with representation.

The first sets up a Native Lands Trust to administer the reserves and arrange for additional land to be added to them, with compensation for the Europeans who are displaced.

This measure appears favourable to the natives, though everything depends on the funds forthcoming from Parliament to help in the administration of the reserves.

The representation Bill sets up an all Union Native Representative Council which has advisory functions, though no actual power, in all matters which affect natives. It has certain nominated and official members (the latter are European and do not vote), and twelve elected members.

The elected members are chosen by electoral colleges consisting of chiefs and other prominent natives. In addition the natives elect four Europeans to the Senate, there being already four nominated Senators whose special business is to concern themselves with native affairs.

Political Sterilisation

The Council is criticised on the grounds that it is so indirectly elected that it is not likely to give a real reflection of the wishes of the natives. Also the 2,000,000 natives on European farms are in no way represented.

As it first stood, the Bill completely abolished the old franchise which was held in the Cape by natives who passed certain property and educational tests.

The abolition was to come into effect gradually as natives holding the vote died.

There was so much opposition to this, however, that General Hertzog has introduced a compromise by which the Cape vote is to be retained, but the natives are to have a separate electoral roll and send three Europeans to Parliament.

This compromise the natives on the executive of the All African Congress have rejected, though their white supporters are for the most part accepting it.

It continues, of course, the principle of segregation and it means that an increase in the numbers and prosperity of the natives will have no effect on their voting power.

It is a kind of political sterilisation which meets the fear of the superior numbers and the prolificness of the blacks.

The "coloured" people (those of mixed race), remain as before, and are not included in the Native Bills, a fact deplored by Dr. Malan, the Nationalist leader.

Queensland's Premier in London

A SUGAR Conference is due to be held in London some time this spring. No one knows whether it will be an Empire or an International Conference, but Empire representatives, already in London, are hoping for the best.

Among them is the Hon. William Forgan Smith, LL.D., M.L.A., Premier and Treasurer of Queensland, who went to Australia as a young man and made his home at Mackay, an important centre of the Queensland sugar industry.

On behalf of his State he is watching events. Queensland, his secretary told the *Saturday Review*, produces about 650,000 tons of sugar annually, of which some 300,000 tons come to Great Britain.

This represents from 12 to 16 per cent. of Britain's annual imports.

Apart from Britain, Canada last year took 60,000 tons, and the balance is consumed in Australia.

The Queensland Premier celebrates his 51st birthday next month. He was born near Invergowrie, Perth, Scotland, and was educated at Invergowrie, Queen's Park (Glasgow), and at Dunoon Grammar School.

When only 28, he was elected to the Queensland Parliament, and five years later he was elected to Cabinet rank, becoming Minister for Public Works in the Theodore Government.

In 1925 he became Minister for Agriculture and Stock and Deputy Premier. Under his administration, agriculture in Queensland made remarkable advances on the economic and scientific sides, as well as in actual production. He was responsible for the establishment and endowment of a Faculty of Agriculture within the Queensland University, and for the development of the co-operative and marketing organisation of primary products within the State, a system which has since been copied by other States of Australia and to some extent by the United States of America and Great Britain.

His efforts in this direction were recognised later when the organised agricultural authorities throughout Queensland unanimously requested him to accept the position of President of the Queensland Council of Agriculture.

In 1927 Mr. Forgan Smith, whilst Acting Premier, received Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York on their official visit to Queensland, and accompanied them at most of the functions and receptions which were held in Brisbane and elsewhere in the Southern part of the State. He was also host to H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester in December, 1934.

Fruit from the Empire

IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the iniquitous sanctions imposed upon Italy have



The Hon. William Forgan Smith, State Premier of Queensland

indirectly brought benefit to Empire growers of citrus fruit.

At the moment, stocks of Italian lemons in this country are fairly high—dealers gambled on sanctions and bought heavily before they were imposed—but they are diminishing day by day.

If the war goes on, it seems more than likely that South Africa, Australia, the West Indies, Cyprus, and other parts of the Empire will be able to stake a substantial claim in Great Britain's fruit market.

Up till recently, ninety per cent. of our lemons came from Italy. Now California is the only serious competitor to Empire interests.

At the moment, the new season's crop is on the trees, but salesmen are busy touring the fruit centres of London, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow, booking orders as fast as they can.

As far as South Africa is concerned, it is doubtful, I learn, whether the crop will be large enough to meet the demands.

Apart from lemons, oranges and grapefruit are also affected by the sanctions, and as a result Empire growers are hoping for a really good season. The trouble in Spain definitely helps them as far as oranges are concerned.

And not too soon! In the past South Africa, for instance, has been shamefully treated in the marketing of her oranges, preference being given practically every time to the Californian product—owing, the South Africans claim, to vested interests in the fruit markets of Great Britain.

The fact that the Empire could, with the assistance of the buying public over here, completely supply our enormous demand for fruit of all types has hitherto been ignored. The lemon crisis may teach the fruit magnates something of the dangers of "trading outside the family."

Zanzibar and Copra

By D. S. Fraser

THE tourist, or the casual visitor to Zanzibar who is travelling by the East Coast route, will remember its beauty from the sea in the light of dawn and in the rising sun, and his later exploration of its narrow streets, and his interest in its polyglot population.

It must come as a shock to him that such a place can be the scene of riots, of the death and wounds of British and Indian Administratives and Police Officers.

To one who has lived and done administrative work on the Coast, however, it is not perhaps so strange that an outburst of serious rioting among the Arabs has followed the attempt to raise the standard of production of such a staple commodity, and so poor in quality, as copra, the second crop of the Islands.

The Semitic race is essentially a race of traders and bargainers, and the Arab branch is fanatical in its conservatism; so that a measure which hits the Arab in his purse, as dear to him, perhaps, as his religion, must have roused his fanatical wrath.

The telegrams seem to indicate that the outburst has been confined mostly to the Arab minority, and has not extended to the Swahili population, the vast majority.

The Arabs of the Coast can roughly be divided into two classes. One comprises the descendants of the old ruling, fighting, slave-traders from Muscat and Oman, now a mentally effete race of landowners and intriguers—"fatina-merchants" is the phrase used colloquially of them among British people who know them.

The other class consists of the more virile, wiry, Wa-Shihiiri, turbulent but hard working, who are recent immigrants, or annual visitors, from the Hadramuth and other parts of Southern Arabia, and who supply the hamals, dock workers, water carriers and butchers of the ports of the Coast; whose picturesque dances through the streets on *Id* days, in clothes of brown, orange and ochre, emphasise the difference between them and their languid cousins.

One wonders how far, by preliminary propaganda, an endeavour has been made to prepare the Arab plantation owner and middleman in copra with the situation that, if he did not improve his method of curing and marketing the coconut, his produce would not be purchased.

Propaganda can do quite a lot to emphasise the need for better production of copra.

Zanzibar used to be a very wealthy Protectorate, but the slump in the clove trade has wiped out its annual surplus and, like other Colonies and Protectorates, it has experienced a retrenchment of staff, so that its Government may not have enough officers to carry on widespread propaganda.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

Surrender at Yorktown and its Lessons

By Professor A. P. Newton

OF all the sayings that bore us by their constant reiteration, few are more false than the ancient assertion that "History repeats itself."

It is, of course, impossible that it should be so, for the circumstances in which any event takes place can never be repeated, since the event itself has changed the conditions that come after it.

But this is not to say that history has no lessons to teach us, because we are always working outwards into an unexplored future.

The statesman or the voter who knows nothing or very little of the past experience of the nation as recorded in its history, is like a rudderless ship at the mercy of every wind that blows and can have no directing power on the course of events as they develop.

History cannot repeat itself, but in the national experience some essential truths have become manifest that cannot be neglected without peril, whatever may be the new circumstances in which they have to be applied.

In the course of the last four centuries Englishmen have come to believe almost instinctively that the Royal Navy is the first and surest shield of their national well-being or even of their freedom.

Neglect of the Navy or even a failure to improve and re-equip it to



Lord Cornwallis, Commander of the British forces in South Carolina, whose surrender at Yorktown, 1781, marked the end of the English cause in America.

meet changing conditions has always, in English history, had to be paid for by disaster or loss, and the truth of this essential lesson ought to be re-emphasised in every succeeding generation that it may not be forgotten.

The outstanding example of the price that has to be paid for easy-going indifference to the Navy's need is worthy of recall at a moment when questions of defence are so much in the public mind.

We too often misunderstand the causes of ultimate military failure in the war of the American Revolution when the fortunes and glory of England sank to a lower depth than ever before since the disasters of the last years of the Hundred Years' War in the fifteenth century.

That failure is most frequently put down to the incompetence of British Generals and their armies before the military genius of Washington and his American volunteers, but that explanation is undoubtedly false or insufficient.

Neither on the British or the American sides was there much generalship of outstanding distinction or any possibility of great or striking victories in the field.

But the Americans were fighting on their ground where they had all the resources necessary for their mainly guerilla tactics at their doors, while the British were fighting three thousand miles from their base and had to draw their supplies and munitions from overseas.

The part played by the Navy in guarding those communications was, therefore, absolutely vital, and it was in its failure to accomplish it that the essential cause of ultimate disaster lay.

When Britain came out victorious from the Seven Years' War in 1763, her Navy stood at a higher pitch of excellence than ever before and, both in leadership and equipment, it was undeniably the finest sea-force in the world.

But the next thirteen years saw a lamentable falling-off. It had only been possible for Pitt to win his success as the greatest of our war-ministers because Anson had kept the dockyards hard at work and discipline high, but under the Earl of Sandwich who succeeded him, the administration of the Navy went to pieces.

Confusion and jobbery reigned everywhere, and incompetence and red tape combined to ruin the quality of our ships and hamper their action.

When France came in to aid the Americans in 1778 she had repaired the disasters that the Seven Years' War had caused to her fleets and her equipment and seamanship never stood higher.

If Britain were to withstand her successfully, it was essential that we

*Article 14th
No articles of the capitulation
shall be impugned or put
to question, if it should be
any doubtful expressions
in it, they are to be understood
in the sense according to the com-
mon meaning of reception
of the words.*

*Done at York in Virginia
the 19th day October 1781*

*Cornwallis
John Lyncocks*

Facsimile of the last article of capitulation at Yorktown, 19th October, 1781

should hold the command of the sea and prevent her sending troops and supplies across the Atlantic, but that was just what our Admirals failed to do with the imperfect means at their disposal.

In the land campaigns in the northern colonies a deadlock was reached in the winter of 1780-1, and in April, 1781, Washington wrote, "We (the Americans), are at the end of our tether. Now or never deliverance must come."

Lord Cornwallis was carrying on successful sweeping operations in the southern colonies, but they were costly in munitions and supplies, and though he defeated the French and American forces repeatedly, he had to withdraw to the coast in the summer of 1781 to re-equip.

He came down into the peninsula at the end of which Yorktown stands, and there he could successfully hold off his enemies if the transports could bring him new stores by sea.

But that was impossible, for the French fleets were so much stronger off the American coast that they held the command of the sea and neither our weaker forces nor our transports could venture to come out to certain defeat.

Cornwallis was held in a vice with steadily dwindling resources and, thus at length in October, 1781, he was compelled to capitulate.

It was the British loss of command of the sea during the summer that had brought about the disaster, and it ended the war on land.

The British Empire was broken and we must seek for one of the principal causes in the neglect and mismanagement of naval affairs at home.

Financing Defence

By Our City Editor

IN the midst of the gamble in Aircraft and other armament shares which has naturally followed upon the Government's belated announcement that the country must rearm, the difficulties of defence expenditure have been to a great extent overlooked. So strong has the gilt-edged market been that the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan has touched $107\frac{1}{2}$, or six points above last year's lowest, and this, at a time when Industrials as a whole are blazing, creates an entirely wrong impression of the investment outlook. In the ordinary way, defence would have been financed year by year from the country's revenue, and one cannot pretend that our financial position would have been any the worse for such a course. Now, failure to supply the necessary funds when they should have been found leaves the country faced with the prospect of financing in a few months the expenditure which should have been spread over years.

Rumours of a "Defence Loan" have for the moment been discounted and, in fact, there seems no reason why the Government should resort to a loan by this name unless to impress its friends at Geneva. Already something in the neighbourhood of £100,000,000 has been provided by last year's Government issues which should go to reduce the floating debt. On Friday last the Treasury announced that the weekly issue of Treasury Bills would be raised to a total of £45,000,000, although at this time of the year Government short-term borrowing is wont to decrease as tax revenues become available. It would appear, therefore, that defence is for the moment to be financed by Treasury Bill expansion which later will, presumably, necessitate some funding operations. While this increase in the volume of gilt-edged stocks in the future may not appear to be a "bull point" for the gilt-edged market, it may be taken to mean that the Government will not yet allow "cheap money" to come to an end—at any rate until some longer-dated issues have made their appearance.

The Gamble in "Equities"

Mr. J. M. Keynes sounded a warning note on the relative prices of industrial ordinary shares and of gilt-edged stocks at the annual meeting of the National Mutual Life Assurance, of which he is Chairman. Mr. Keynes severely criticised the

Government's loan policy, saying that confidence in the future of short-term rates was needed to bring down long-term rates. The Government seemed reluctant to issue bonds of from 5 to 10 years' maturity and anxious to reduce the short-term debt. They starve the banks and the Money Market of the type of security they must have, and pay a higher rate of interest than they need. Mr. Keynes may be right in this view, but he is certainly not championing the cause of the unfortunate rentier. Theories on interest rates and "managed money" should not ignore the hardships of taxation nor the damage to the sources of taxation which this scaling down of interest rates entails. One cannot but agree with Mr. Keynes, however, in his view that the very high relative level of the prices of British industrial ordinary shares, as against gilt-edged prices, is calculated, unless revised, to bring ultimate disappointment to the holders of these shares. Those who can already see a substantial profit on their holdings of armament shares or, indeed, any industrial ordinaries would be well-advised to take it.

Home Railway Improvement

Much is being made of the improvement in Home Railway revenues but while the figures give some ground for encouragement, it has to be remembered that the results are only achieved through the companies taking full credit for rating relief. Thus the L.M.S. in paying the full 4 per cent. on the £40,000,000 of 1923 preference stock is offsetting an increase of £450,000 in wages by taking £885,000 less for rate requirements and net revenue at £13,028,000 is £1,106,000 up on the year. The 1923 preference at around 64 xd. still looks attractive with a yield on the full dividend over 6 per cent., though its speculative nature should be borne in mind. The Southern's full accounts showed net receipts £287,252 up at £5,040,626, while the Great Western's net revenue increased by £39,590 to £5,450,559. The Great Western Railway is again paying 3 per cent. on its ordinary stock which is at present little over 46 ex. the dividend, giving a handsome yield of over 6 per cent. on the basis of the current dividend rate.

The North-Eastern decision came as an unwelcome surprise to the market for no credit was taken for the reduction in their rating assessment and the same dividends were, therefore, paid as for 1934, viz., $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the 4 per cent. first preference and 4 1-16 per cent. on the 5 per cent. redeemable preference stock. The full dividend had been confidently expected on these stocks since well over £1,000,000 was looked for from the reduction of the assessment to nil. The company's policy, however, is evidently not the same as that of the L.M.S. who paid out in full. Railway stocks at their present prices look worth buying for income purposes.

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MOTORING

Blackmail

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

THE Road Traffic Act with its new offences, some of them carrying heavy penalties, is leading to a disgraceful state of affairs and what is no more than legalised blackmail is being indulged in by certain unscrupulous counsel.

I heard of a typical case the other day. A woman was driving along a bye-pass road at about seventy miles an hour, which was a perfectly safe speed for the type of car she was in. Suddenly, without any warning, a cyclist who was keeping to the curb on the near side, turned right across the road, which was a one-way avenue, in order to pass through a gap in the green dividing belt.

Needless to say, he was knocked over and gravely injured and was, in fact, lucky not to have been killed. Had the car been going at twenty miles an hour he would still have been knocked over.

The police investigated the accident carefully, took evidence from witnesses and measured skid marks and decided that there was no ground for bringing a charge against the driver. The cyclist's legal advisers then instituted a private prosecution, bringing two charges against the woman driver—dangerous driving and driving without due care and attention.

Before the proceedings opened counsel for the

prosecution spoke frankly to his colleague for the defence. "We do not wish to injure your client," he said, "in fact we have only brought this charge, as we feel that if we get a conviction the insurance company will pay up. I therefore suggest that you advise your client to plead guilty to the minor charge, in which case I will drop the charge of dangerous driving. If you do not agree to this, I shall proceed on both charges and, as you well know, the penalties for dangerous driving can be very severe. I know as well as you do that your client is not guilty; but the average age of this Bench is about eighty, and it is well known that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a motorist to get an acquittal in this court."

Faced with this threat the unfortunate motorist had practically no alternative to pleading guilty to the minor charge. Prosecuting counsel made no attempt to deny that the cyclist was not blame-worthy and he relied entirely on the fact that the car had been travelling at seventy miles an hour.

As the victim of this conspiracy had pleaded guilty, what prosecuting counsel relied on is immaterial. But, apart from the very serious point I have already raised, it is a terrifying thought that a mere speed of seventy miles an hour on an arterial road and one with one-way traffic lanes at that is to be considered an offence. One might just as well order all fast cars to be scrapped at once and make an end of the matter. This would give our foreign competitors a sporting chance.

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LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY



CINEMA

Things To Come

BY MARK FORREST

THAT nothing like *Things to Come*, the new picture at the Leicester Square cinema, has been achieved before may be conceded at once. The nearest approach to this particular brand of film hitherto was *Metropolis*, but neither so much money nor so much ingenuity was expended on the German venture.

On Mr. Wells's imaginative effort the sum of a quarter of a million is said to have been spent, and for once the public should be able to see where the majority of it has gone; for never before have models and trick photography been so effectively used. The trouble is that the background doesn't stay at the back; it fills the screen to the exclusion of everything else, and the actors who march about and mouth occasional sentences never attain statures above pigmies.

There is nothing so dull to me as mechanical devices, and that probably accounts for the fact that, in spite of the wonderful photography, I found this winging into the years to come a somewhat boring and certainly humourless excursion. To others who start their lives by juggling with meccano sets and spend most of the rest of them with their heads under bonnets, the ingenuity of Mr. Wells in contriving new methods of destruction and new ways of trying to exist should bring balm.

The Machine Age

Mr. Wells has made so many flights into the future that it would seem as if he had forgotten how to live in the present—at any rate in this film he has omitted to deal with the psychological aspect of this or any other time. Apparently time holds nothing but aeroplanes, glass and enormous rabbit warrens, the emphasis being laid entirely upon the mechanical progression of mankind whose soul will be wedded to cogs and cranes. That this is his message is made plain by the manner in which he serves the one person who has no stomach for iron filings. His is indeed a sorry lot, made the sorrier by the fact that Mr. Wells takes pains to load the dice against him very thoroughly.

Curiously enough, a new form of news reel makes its appearance this week and can be seen at the New Gallery and elsewhere. This is called *The March of Time*. Those with minds like watches may care to work out how many reels of *The March of Time*, when placed end to end, will reach the beginning of *Things To Come*, then the problems of the future should be satisfactorily settled.

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& the famous adventure film

"EAST MEETS WEST" (U)

BROADCASTING

Savoy Hill Memories

BY ALAN HOWLAND

SOME few days ago a programme was transmitted from Broadcasting House entitled "Savoy Hill Memories." I am not concerned with the merits of the performance as a performance although I think it compared favourably with some of the more elaborate effusions prepared for us by the bright boys of Portland Place. What interests me is that the B.B.C., by giving any programme this title, tacitly admits that its programme policy has undergone a radical change since it left the homely atmosphere of the Embankment and that it is not quite sure whether the change has been for the better.

There is no doubt in my mind on the subject. The little revues by various authors which were produced in 1926-1932 were infinitely better than the pretentious piffle which masquerades as "Light Entertainment" nowadays. Slight as some of them were, they succeeded in creating an almost tangible contact between the performers and the listeners. The public in those days were not interested in the "lovely country home of Mrs. X, the talented wife of Mr. Y," or in the photographs of "Mrs. X and her doggy friend," but they were extremely interested in the personality of Mr. Y as it expressed itself over the microphone. A good deal of care and sincerity went to the making of shows which are now mass-produced by white-waistcoated robots.

There are many other things which I remember about Savoy Hill. I remember that plays were produced because they were well-written and had some dramatic quality and not because they gave the producer the opportunity to use twelve studios instead of one and manipulate as many knobs as possible on the dramatic control panel. A noise like a train was included in the performance because it really was a noise like a train—even though it was produced by a roller-skate in a lead tank—and not because it was an orchestral representation of a noise something like a train taken from a German gramophone record.

I can remember too, that what intervals there were between programmes were filled in with very charming piano interludes instead of with the mating cry of the death-watch beetle or both sides of a scratchy record of Bow Bells, or even, if the announcer so wishes, a sepulchral silence. We were not told then that such and such a programme would follow "almost immediately." On the contrary announcers were encouraged not only to avoid the major solecisms but also to give listeners accurate information. But why go on? Those days are gone and nothing on earth will bring them back, more's the pity.

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